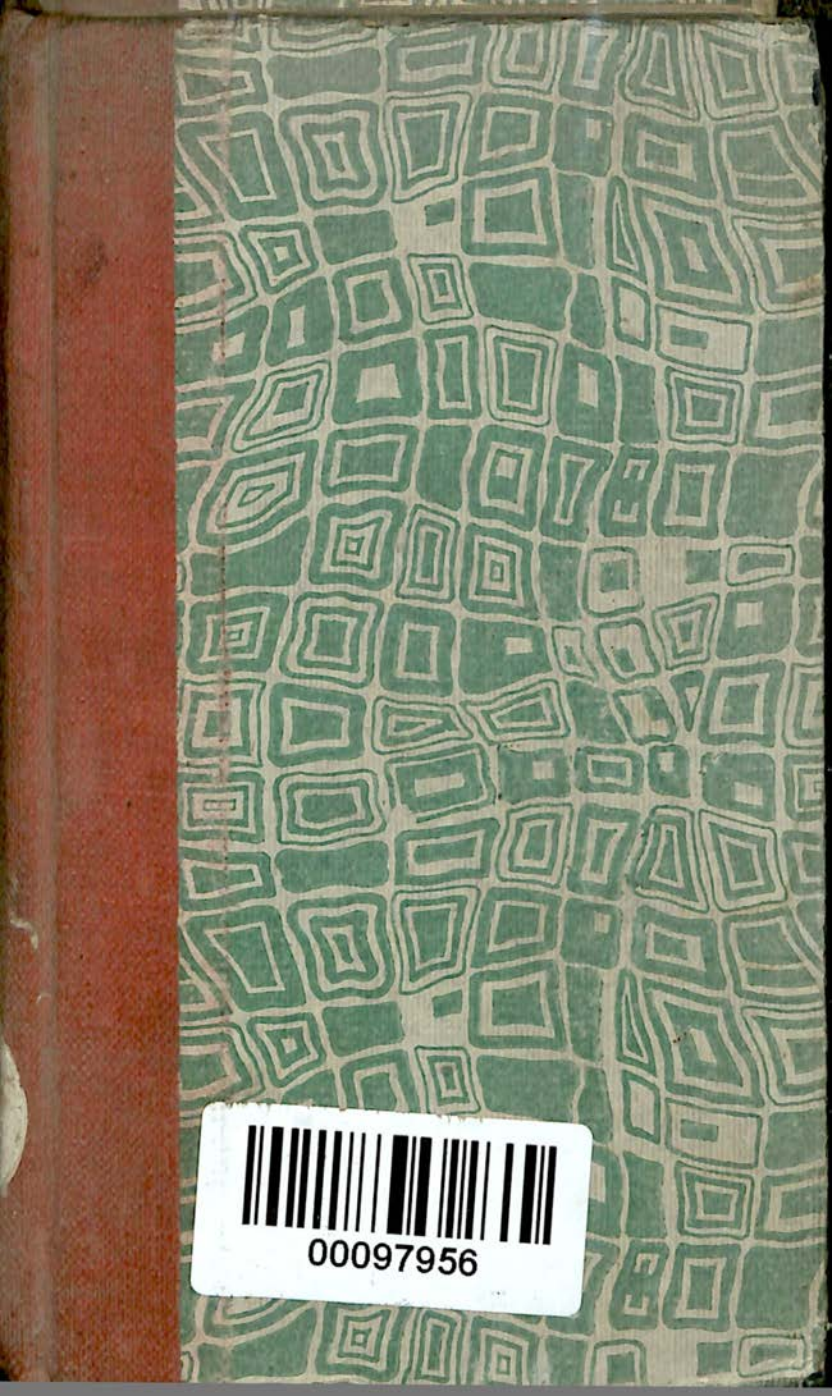
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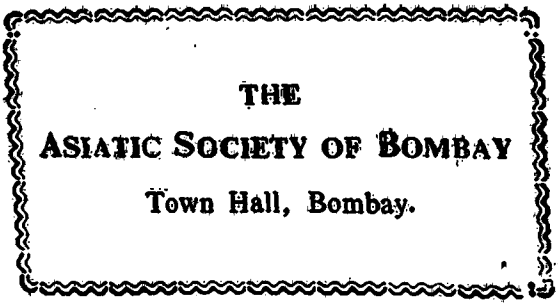

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COTTAGE DIALOGUES

AMONG THE

IRISH PEASANTRY.

By MARY LEADBEATER.

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WITH

NOTES AND A PREFACE

BY

MARIA EDGEWORTH,

AUTHOR OF CASTLE RACKRENT, &c.

Penn T

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON AND CO.

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ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

READER.

Mrs. Leadbeater, the author of this little book, is granddaughter to the first preceptor of Edmund Burke. She has in her possession several of the letters of that great man, which she at present withholds from the public, from a delicacy that seems overstrained; but her motives are certainly honourable; and there are few examples of such scrupulous respect for the feelings of relatives in this age of gossiping anecdote, and epistolary publicity.

Mrs. Leadbeater's modesty is such, that she would not publish the following 'Cottage Dialogues,' without consulting her literary friends: she requested to have, among others, the opinion of the writer of this advertisement. That opinion, however insig-

nificant, is given without reserve, entirely in favour of this useful work. It contains an exact representation of the *manner of being* of the lower Irish, and a literal transcript of their language. None of the interlocutors in these dialogues are destined merely to speak the author's fine sentiments, or to acknowledge the folly of all who are of an opposite opinion—one of the dramatis personæ is not produced to harangue, and domineer, and the other to ask questions, and be refuted—one is not made a miracle of wisdom, and the other a man of straw—but the following are conversations, which seem actually to have passed in real life; the thoughts and feelings are natural, the reflections and reasoning, such as appear to be suggested by passing circumstances, or personal experience. A few notes have been added, to explain to the English reader the Hibernian idiom, and local customs; but the general language and sentiments must be universally interesting, for in one word, the characteristic of the book is good sense. Prudence and economy, morality and religion, are judiciously and liberally diffused through the whole, without

touching upon peculiar tenets, without alarming party prejudice, or offending national pride.

If, some centuries hence, an Irish Herculaneum should be discovered, and if some future munificent and enlightened prince were to employ the skill and patience of one of his ingenious subjects to explore Hibernian libraries, this humble volume would perhaps reward his labours better than Grecian manuscripts have yet repaid the laborious researches of our contemporaries.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

Edgeworth Town,
July 1, 1810.

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COTTAGE DIALOGUES.

DIALOGUE I.

THE CHILD IN THE CRADLE.

Rose, Nancy.

Rose. NANCY, Nancy, your mammy is looking for you. She wants you to hold the child, while she goes to dig the potatoes for the supper.

Nancy. I can't go indeed. If she asks you for me, tell her you did not see me.

Rose. That I won't. Don't you hear her calling, and did'nt you hear her before?

Nancy. I did, but I was playing Jackstones with Judy, and I wanted to finish the game.

Rose. Oh, Nancy, how can you vex your poor mammy, who does every thing for you, and works early and late? Here she is—come in now—she saw us, and she is gone over the stile with the spade and the potato basket.

Nancy. Ay, little Bill is in the cradle asleep. I'll leave him there, and go out again.

Rose. No, upon my word you shan't. If you heard the frightful stories I did, you would never leave a child by itself.

Nancy. What frightful stories? Do tell them to me.

Rose. There was old Charley, the gingerbread-man, was left, when he was an infant, in the cradle by himself, and while he was asleep, an ugly brute of a pig came in, and ate off his poor little hand, as it hung over. And there was a sow and little pigs on the floor with a young

child, and its mammy went out, and bid its daddy take care of it, and he bid another child watch it, while he took a nap, and when he wakened, he asked the child how the little one was; and she said he was very well, playing with the little pigs: then the man bounced up in the greatest fright that could be, and the poor little thing was all in a gore of blood, and its face so eat by the nasty sow, that the life was out of it, sure enough. And, like that, there was another child that was left by itself, and it got out of the cradle, and crawled to the hearth, and its little petticoat took fire, and it was burned to death.

Nancy. O, indeed Rose, I will never leave the child again; often I have left it, and run home before my mammy came, for fear she would beat me. Sure it was great luck that nothing happened!

DIALOGUE II.

LEARNING TO SEW.

Nancy, Rose.

Nancy. INDEED, Rose, you will be quite a mope[1]. Have you not been picking potatoes for your father all day, or leading the horse and car to draw them to the potato hole, and now you sit down to teach Kitty to work? Don't be such a black slave. Come to the dance at the Ball-alley; a great many boys and girls are there, and the new piper is come.

Rose. No, Nancy, I have no time to spare for dancing; I have been on the foot all day, and had rather rest myself. But you mistake; I am not teaching Kitty to work, it is Kitty that is teaching me.

Nancy. O fie! I wonder you would *demean* yourself[4] to learn of your younger sister. I had rather go in rags, than sit down to learn to work from one so much less than myself.

Rose. I'm not so then; and I am very proud that Kitty can teach me. For my poor mother, though she is one of the best cabin-keepers[5] on the town-land, and can spin wool and flax with any one, and knits pretty well too, is not much good at her needle; and there was nothing my father and she wished for so much, as to give their children a little learning; but as I was the oldest, I could not be spared to go to school, for my mother wanted me to sit by the cradle, nurse the child, wash the potatoes, and go of errands; and now I am grown pretty big, I help my father at out work. My mother sent Kitty to Mrs. Webster's

school, and she has made a very good workwoman of her; and my greatest delight is to sit down with Kitty when she comes home in the evenings, and learn to work from her, and now I can make a shirt for my father almost as well as she can herself.

Nancy. I'll be bound Kitty is conceited enough that she can teach you—it will make her very saucy, and she will crow over you, so that there will be no bearing her. I always keep my little sisters under cow, and make them do what I like.

Rose. And do they do what you like with a good will?

Nancy. Indeed they don't, we have twenty fights before I can get them to do any thing for me.

Rose. That's bad, and you must have more trouble making them do what you like, than in doing it yourself.

Nancy. I don't care. I show them that I am their elder sister, and I would not for the world be so mean spirited as you are, to sit down and learn from any of them.

Rose. Why then, there's Kitty will do any thing I want her to do, without my asking, if she knows I want it done, for she would put her hands under my feet to serve me.

Nancy. And she never laughs at you, and calls you a fool, for not knowing how to work as well as her?

Rose. No, no; nor I never laugh at her, nor call her a fool for not knowing how to lead a horse as well as I can. Besides, it's a very hard matter to learn to sew after one is grown a good big girl, so I've no time to lose, you see. The younger you learn it, the easier it is; and some people say, that girls who have only done out work till fourteen or fifteen, never come rightly to the use of the

needle. It is not like out of doors work, which can be learned at any age, if you're hearty, and strong, and willing.

Nancy. Well, but what signifies sitting down to break your heart with it, after your day's work?

Rose. I find it the best way of resting myself. And sure it's very pleasant to sit at the window and look out on my little garden, and sing, and work, and think that either myself or somebody else will be the better for what I am making and mending.

Nancy. I believe no body ever though it *pleasant* but yourself.

Rose. Now, Nancy, I can tell you to the contrary, for at Mr. Moore's, where I went for a month to help the nursery maid while she was sick, working was the greatest diversion of all the ladies, old and young. And it was a mighty pretty sight of an

evening, after they came in from walking, to see them all sitting round a big table, with their work bags, and nice work baskets before 'em. And what's more, didn't I hear Mr. Moore say to the lady one evening, 'My dear, you'll ruin your eyes with 'so much work?' And didn't she make answer, 'Indeed I cannot give 'it up, for it's my greatest amuse-'ment?' And Miss Emma Moore, a sweet little girl of ten years old, told me, that when she went to England with her papa, she saw a carpet in some fine place they called a cottage, near Windsor, I think, all knit by—— Now I'll give you twenty guesses, to guess who.

Nancy. By somebody that was well paid for it, I suppose.

Rose. No, Nancy, by Queen Charlotte herself, with her own hands.

Nancy. Botheration! Miss Emma

told you a lie—no—that can't be neither; none of that family ever told a lie in their lives. Well, if I was a Queen, it's long before I'd sit down to knit carpets.

Rose. That may be, but while you've nobody to work for you, would it not be better to mend the rents I see in your gown, that was new last month?

Nancy. My gown is so good, I wou'd'nt like to see a darn in it yet'.

Rose. Oh, Nancy, the worst darn, and the worst patch, is better than a rent or a hole. Being poor may make us go in old and threadbare clothes, but want of neatness and industry alone can keep us in ragged ones. Indeed, when I see a working man in ragged clothes, I can't help, in my own mind, blaming his wife, or sister, or mother.

Nancy. Why, you're like my Lady Belfield, that gave a coat to Jack

Meadows, because she saw his old one all patched, and never a one to Tom Conry that was hanging in rags, and the greatest object of the two beside. I'm sure I cried out shame against her, after her back was turned.

Rose. Why so? Consider the quality very often have no way of guessing what we are, but by what they see. That good lady only came for a week to Mr. Nesbitt's on her way home to England; and Jack Meadows had all his poor old things so tight about him, and so well mended, that she saw her gift would be a comfort to him; but if she gave it to old Tom, she had reason to think it would soon be hanging in rags, for want of a stitch.

Nancy. Well, 'live and learn,' who knows but I'll get you to teach me a little to morrow?

Rose. Why not to day?

Nancy. O, it might as well be done to day, to be sure, but I'd rather come to morrow.

Rose. Well, good by'e since you're for going, but remember, Nancy, if something hinders you to morrow, that *what may as well be done to day, had better be done to day.* I read that in Miss Emma's copy book, and often have I had reason to see the truth of it since.

DIALOGUE III.

GOING TO THE FAIR.

Nancy, Rose.

Nancy. WHAT, Rose, are not you going to the fair?

Rose. No, my mother is going to buy trenchers, and a wooden bowl, and my father goes to sell the pig, so I can't go this turn. Besides, they don't like to let me go to a fair when I have no business.

Nancy. O, Rose, sure you're a young woman now, and it would be so pleasant to walk about the fair, and there's many a clean, likely boy, would ask you to drink a glass of punch in a tent.

Rose. I think if I went into a tent to drink, it would be making

myself too cheap, and the clean, likely boy, might press me to take too much punch, and then laugh at me behind my back.

Nancy. Well, since you are so nice, you need not go into a tent, but look at the standings. O the beautiful calicoes, they are so genteel, and so cheap, and muslins for next to nothing. But your mother never buys at a standing.

Rose. She says the goods that are sold so cheap are often damaged, and even if they are not, one should be very knowing for good and all, to deal with the people who keep the standings, for they will take so much less than they ask, that an ignorant person does not know what to offer. So any little thing she wants she goes to a shop for, where she can depend upon the people, that they will use her well. Now I have sixteen thirteens of my own earning, and I

intend to buy a gown when Miss Neale's new calicoes come home.

Nancy. How did you earn so much, beside all you did in and out of the house?

Rose. Sure you know my mother works, and Kitty works, and among us we get all our work done soon; so I take in spinning when I can get it to do.

Nancy. Spinning! O law! sure you couldn't spin more than one dozen in the day, and that would be but five pence.

Rose. It's often I can't spin half a dozen in a day, I have so much to do besides.

Nancy. Well, I would never think it worth my while to sit down to a wheel, for two pence halfpenny a day.

Rose. Two pence halfpenny a day is fifteen pence a week, and that would be five shillings a month, and

if one earned a gown in three months, would it not be better than sitting doing nothing?

Nancy. Do as you please; I will not kill myself with working. I will go to the fair, and think myself nothing the worse if I take a glass of punch in a tent, and I may pick up a sweetheart into the bargain.

Rose. The sweetheart you would pick up at a fair would not be worth having. I'd hate to be flattered and palavered by a fellow that would divert the next boy he met, with telling him how silly I was to believe all his nonsense.

Nancy. I must be going. The housekeepers are coming home, and now is the time for a little fun.

DIALOGUE IV.

RETURNING FROM THE FAIR.

Rose, Nancy.

Rose. NANCY, welcome back from the fair. Were you very merry?

Nancy. I wish I had never gone near it, for a fair!

Rose. Why so?

Nancy. Nothing but vexations from beginning to end. I had eight and three halfpence to buy a shawl, a cap, and a ribband. I sold my good laying hen, and all my clutch of ducks, and all the eggs I could lay my hands on this long time, to make it up, and now it is all gone for nothing.

Rose. O dear! did you lose it?

Nancy. Indeed I may say I lost

it, (sure enough some of it I did lose,) and I'll tell you how. I went to a standing, where every one said the things were dog-cheap, and I bought a beautiful shawl for five tenpennies, and a cap, with a lace border, for three tenpennies and a fivepenny; so there was the most of my money gone, and I did not see a ribband I liked. Then Tom Connor came up, and he made me and Judy Kenagh go into a tent, and drink with him, and I threw my new shawl on me; and when we were shy of drinking more, we stood up to go out, but Tom swore we should take another glass, and he pulled at the shawl to hold me, and it tore like a bit of brown paper. I cried out murder, and run to tell the woman at the standing, and make her give me back my money, but she had packed up, and was gone:—then I went to look at my cap, and I declare

it must be old muslin, for it was as rotten as dirt; and Tom and Judy laughed at me, and I cried for vexation, and when I came home, and thought to put up the rest of my money in my box, a tenpenny, and a few halfpence, I protest they were all gone, and I don't know how; may be they slipped through a little hole in my pocket, for when I untied the rag to pay for the things, I threw them in loose. I wish I had mended that hole when I lost my thimble.

Rose. Ay, Nancy, 'a stitch in time, saves nine, and that nine saves ninety nine.' I am sorry for your loss, but may be it is all for the best, and that you will not be so fond of a fair again.

DIALOGUE V.

DECORUM.

Rose, Nancy.

Rose. NANCY, I hope you won't be affronted with me for telling you, that you are a good deal remarked for keeping company with Harry Delogher; and indeed he is not a young man fit for an honest girl to keep company with.

Nancy. O you are so particular! Harry's such a pleasant boy, and wears his hat on one side of his head so roguish, and walks with such a genteel air, looking about him, and smiling so coaxingly at every one, that one can't but like him, though he is a little wild, to be sure.

Rose. I am afraid he is wicked,

as well as wild; for I believe he spends a great deal of his time with idle women of bad character.

Nancy. He is a lad of spirit, not like his mope of a brother, that wears his hat straight on his head, and walks on as if he never thought of any thing but his business, never going out of the path, barring he meets an old body, or a child; but Harry's all life!

Rose. I suppose you would not like to be seen with the girls he is so often with?

Nancy. Me seen with bad girls! no indeed! nor would I speak to them, or look at the same side of the road they were at.

Rose. Then I think you should not be seen with a companion of their's.

Nancy. It's quite a different thing you know; we excuse wildness in a young man.

Rose. Now, Nancy, I can't think why the same sin which makes us shun a woman like poison, should be thought so little of in a man. Sin is sin, let who will commit it.

Nancy. To be sure it is; but a bad woman is worse than a bad man,

Rose. I allow that she is; but who makes women bad? Many of these unfortunate creatures were inveigled by such young fellows as Harry, and then left to be despised and hated. And even Harry himself, and the like of him, think the less of decent girls when they see them so ready to excuse misbehaviour, and often turning it to a joke.

Nancy. Well, but there's a saying among the Quality, that a reformed Rake makes the best husband.

Rose. An unfortunate saying it is, and cost many a woman dear that believed it. You might remember, when we were little girls, Billy

O'Shaugnessy, that was much such another as Harry is now, in his time, and the girls admired him, and flirted with him, and thought Judy Timmins the happiest girl in the parish, when he chose her for a wife. Indeed I remember hearing it said, that her father and mother and the old people were not for the match; but her sisters, and the young girls encouraged her, and more envied her her happiness; but happiness was all over with her when she got settled down to humour Billy; she repented her marrying him but once, and that was her whole life.

Nancy. Didn't he love her? she was a mighty pretty girl-

Rose. Love her, no: he loved no one but himself; his heart was hard, because he had got the way of always indulging himself; and the fuss the girls made about him had made him so conceited, that he looked

down upon women; and having kept company with the worst sort, he had an indifferent opinion of them all. Besides, as his wife was pretty, he was jealous of her, and for that reason he could not love his children as he ought, and he had no comfort in his family, and let his family have no comfort.

Nancy. Was not Sally Flinn Judy's first cousin?

Rose. Yes, and she married one that you would call a mope, I suppose, but she had her father's and her mother's full and free consent, and the blessing of all the old neighbours; but the young people turned up their noses at Peter Lynch, because he was a reserved young man, seldom went to a dance, and generally spent Sunday evening reading to his grandmother, who was bedridden. Sally liked him the better for that, and an excellent good hus-

band he made her, and a tender father to his children, and they were always glad to hear his step coming into the door, he was so pleasant. They were poor, but his wife had heart to help him, he was so kind to her; and when his children were able to work, they thought they could not do enough for so good a father.

DIALOGUE VI.

THE WAKE.

Rose, Nancy.

Rose. Poor Ned Kinselagh is dead, and has left a distressed family indeed!

Nancy. Is he? poor soul!—I am very sorry.—Will you come to the Wake to night?

Rose. I intend, when I have cleaned up the house, to go and sit awhile with the poor old neighbour. Shall I call on you to come with me?

Nancy. No. I'll not go so soon. I'll sit up all night.

Rose. Ah, now Nancy, don't do that. Why should you lose your natural rest?

Nancy. And why should you lose

yours? you sate up two nights with him while he was sick.

Rose. Oh, that was quite different, you know; but now, when the poor man is gone, sitting up will be of no use to him.

Nancy. It's not to be of use to him I'll sit up, but to have a little diversion.

Rose. Well to be sure, I wonder, of all things, how people can be playing and diverting themselves, and a poor fellow-creature dead before their eyes, and don't know how soon themselves may be lying in the same way!

Nancy. O yes, I remember how you behaved at Nelly Murphy's wake; how you looked at her under the table, and burst out crying; you spoiled all our comfort and satisfaction. I am sure not one of us ever desired to meet you at a wake again.

Rose. How could I help crying

to see the clever, clean, likely young woman, cut down like a flower, in a few days, and her poor old mother rocking with grief in the chimney corner! I wondered how any one could laugh and be merry in such a place.

Nancy. Why it would help to keep up the poor woman's heart to see a little fun going on.

Rose. Oh, not at all, but make her a great deal worse; and I'll engage she thought it very cruel to have such a noise in the place, and no one minding her, except some old people that bid her not fret, and she fretted the more for that.

Nancy. Really they say that Nelly got her death at Pat Doghery's wake, for he died of a fever, and she remarked the heavy smell that was in the room, and she took sick and died very soon after.

Rose. I don't doubt it, and I

would not wonder if many a one got sickness at a wake; so many crowd in, and often into a close room, and when it is a heavy sickness, sure it must be dangerous.

Nancy. Then indeed, people should consider that, and know what disorder the person died of; for one's own wake is not a pleasant thing to think of.

Rose. Ah, my dear Nancy, if we thought more about that time, it would be better for us; and how can we help thinking of it, when a neighbour lies before us, stiff and cold, that was as well and as hearty as ourselves a little while before. Oh sure it's no time for play[8]!

Nancy. Would you leave the poor corpse by itself, as I hear they do in some places?

Rose. No, I would not: to be sure there are different customs in different places, and we show our love and

respect to our neighbours by sitting quietly by them when they are dead, and talking over all their goodness, and crying for them; and we feel our hearts soft and tender, and we love our neighbours that are alive better, when we think in how short a time all our lives will be over, and that we don't know how soon it will be our turn to go. If I had my will I would never let more than half a dozen sober neighbours sit up at a wake.

DIALOGUE VI.

DRESS.[9]

Rose, Nancy.

Rose. WELL met, Nancy! I am glad we both have got leave to come and see our people at the same time, that we may see one another too.

Nancy. Indeed, Rose, I believe it would have been better for us to have staid at home at our ease, and not have gone to make slaves of ourselves for the lucre of a little money.

Rose. Do you forget, Nancy, our hardships at home, and how hard it was to make out a living for the family? I thought bad, to be sure, of leaving my father and mother, but it was time for me to do for my-

self, and they had a heavy charge enough without me. And now it is such a pleasure to me to be able to send them a little help now and then.

Nancy. Why what help can you send them out of five guineas a year, and put up decent things for yourself? I get the same wages, but it can hardly do—only the shopkeeper trusted me I could not bring a gown, or any thing fit to be seen, to wear here among the neighbours.

Rose. What do you call fit to be seen?

Nancy. A white cambrick muslin gown, and, to match that, a white dimity petticoat, white cotton stockings, spanish leather shoes, and a plush bonnet.

Rose. If you dress at that rate, five guineas will go a short way indeed. To be sure you have a right to do as you please with your own

earnings, but, dear Nancy, never go into debt: it is so much pleasanter to wear what is paid for, and you must pay one time or other, or live in constant dread and shame.

Nancy. How do you manage with your clothes, then? you look clean and smooth enough.

Rose. I contrive to have one good calico for Sundays, then I have another a little worse, and a bed gown made out of an old one, that I wear every day in the mornings, and all day when I am washing, for it saves my gown greatly. In winter I never wear a calico gown, but on Sundays. I like cambletee, it is very good wear. I have worsted stockings for winter, and dark cotton for summer, for I cannot afford to wear white, because my leather shoes would dirty them in a day, for I can't reach to nice leather either, and I strive to have three good shifts at least. I

got a hat and a coating cloak; I do not like plush bonnets, they are little good, though they look so pretty when they are new.

Nancy. Well, you will be such a dowdy, that the bachelors won't look at you; as sure as I'm here you'll be an old maid!

Rose. It's the least of my troubles how the bachelors like me, and I am sure it is a thousand times better to be an old maid, than lead the miserable lives some women do. There's now Jenny Lanagan, that thought she could never dress herself fine enough, and flirted with half the boys in the country: what a poor "*streel* she is now, with a dirty rag of a white gown hanging behind her, and her poor broken out child on her arm, following her husband to the ale-house, to try to get him home. If she had not been in such haste to marry, but minded her

business, she might have got a good sober young man, that would keep her comfortable, but it is not to be expected that a man who will make a good husband, will look for any girl, but one that will be likely to make a good wife. Indeed, I know very well that men like to see girls dressed neat and clean, and I see how they laugh at Judy Maclaurin for walking out with her great coat thrown on, and her arms not put into the sleeves.

Nancy. Ay, and it's sometimes hung from her head, to save the trouble of putting on a hat; but she wears very good things on a Sunday.

Rose. Yes, much finer than she can well afford. The worst of it is, that many who dress out the finest one day, are the dirtiest and most slovenly the next. Now one should be clean and tidy every hour of one's

life; it keeps one in good humour somehow, and one goes more readily about one's business. A slip-shod shoe will give any girl a lazy, creeping, shuffling walk, and a gown or petticoat that wants a string, and is but half pinned on, hinders one from doing work with satisfaction.

Nancy. By the way, Rose, that's a mighty pretty cap you've got on. How much did it cost?

Rose. I always make my own caps; they cost less at first, and last twice as long, because the ready-made caps are generally made of the worst materials, and sometimes of damaged muslin, or some clear dab that has no wear in it, with a bit of cotton lace, that washes into holes the first or second time it is wet.

Nancy. I do not know how it is; I can never get my caps to look well on me.

Rose. I think you never will, while you keep such a wad of hair under them. Cut off that great load of hair, Nancy, my dear, and your cap will look as well as any one else's. Besides, you have not time to give it much combing, and without that, nothing looks so scandalous. It dirties your cap too, in a minute, and in summer keeps you in a heat, and is mighty unpleasant.

Nancy. I intend to keep it cleaner than I did afore, but I was above giving myself much trouble about it of late, because I heard my master's sister (when she thought I was not listening,) talking about it having a heavy smell[12]; so, to show I was above her dirty remarks[13], I never put comb in it from that day to this.

Rose. Well, Nancy, all you say shows me you had better get rid of it, and if you keep your hair in a

dirty condition, out of a little pride and contradiction, I can only say, the more's the pity; I would not have believed it, if I had not heard it from your own mouth.

DIALOGUE VIII.

SERVITUDE.

Nancy, Rose.

Nancy. I DID not know, Rose, you had so hard a mistress, till Dolly Burne, from your place, told us how barbarously she used you; and you never say a word, you are so close.

Rose. I will make no complaints of my mistress, she is a goodnatured woman in the main.

Nancy. Goodnatured! and expect more from you than any two servants could do!

Rose. O, now you go too far.—The truth is, my mistress was never in the way of doing house business herself, and so she does not know what a servant should do; but then

if she is a little unreasonable sometimes, she is too easy again at other times, and so, by going steadily on, the business can be done.

Nancy. But she scolds you greatly, don't she? or is she any better than she was, for I hear every one gave her a terrible name for crossness and unreasonableness?

Rose. She is a passionate woman, and her not knowing what time it takes to do a thing frets her; but when one knows it is a way she got, and that she has not a bad heart, and when one makes her no saucy answers, all passes off well enough, and she is not near so cross as she was, and is often very kind to me.

Nancy. I think she would match me well enough, for if she worked me too hard, and then gave me time to take my fling a little, I would like it better than to be always kept to it from morning to night, doing,

doing—barring that if I can get my work done, my mistress never hinders me sitting down to work for myself[14], and sometimes she will send me to walk with the children, and stay at home herself to do turns.

Rose. That is very good of her, and sure you know business must be done, and it is so pleasant to know what one has to do, and get through it.

Nancy. O, you don't know all my hardships! First, my mistress is a very early woman; in winter we must be up before it is light, and in summer five o'clock must never find one of the family in bed[15].

Rose. That would be my delight. It is the finest thing to be up early, one gets through business so comfortably, one thing don't catch another, and one is so pleasant and good-humoured, and then often a quiet evening to one'self. Indeed I often

think it is like people working hard when they're young and strong, and taking their ease when old age comes; and then again, when people are idle in their youth, they are often obliged to work harder than they are well able, when they are old, to put a bit in their mouths. So, Nancy, I cannot see any hardship in that, if you go early to bed.

Nancy. Our house is settled, doors locked, and windows fastened, at ten o'clock. It's a great thing would keep us up till eleven.

Rose. Then I'm sure you get sleep enough. Our house is not regular; however I strive to get through my business early, or I'd be greatly hurried in the day.

Nancy. There is such nicety about the milk vessels, washing the milk off with cold water, and brushing the chinks before I can scald a pail; and I have the churn to scour

often when I think scalding would do well enough, that I am sure is a hardship.

Rose. You know you can never have good butter, if the vessels are not kept quite clean; and what good is pretending to any thing without doing it right? and just give yourself the way of it, and it will come quite easy, and it takes less time and labour to clean them often, than to neglect, and strive to bring them to themselves again.

Nancy. We have, indeed, the best butter that goes to market; it brings the highest penny; and if there is not trouble enough making it, I wonder at it. Such washing to get the milk thoroughly out, and working the salt so well in; then, after lying awhile, another washing, and a light salting; working it bit by bit, for fear of its being pin-rowed; and then it must be so well packed in

the tub, and covered after every packing with fresh pickle. O what a weary job it is!

Rose. But sure, if ever you have the luck to have a cow of your own, you will be well off to know how to make butter, and nothing is to be learned without some trouble.

DIALOGUE IX.

SERVITUDE.

Rose, Nancy.

Rose. Don't you bake all your bread at Mr. Clinton's?

Nancy. Every bit, indeed!

Rose. How do you manage to get barm, it's very scarce, and I believe you have no brewery near you?

Nancy. Why then, I'll tell you that; for my mistress never wants barm, and I have so often made the mixture by her directions, that I can't but remember it. She gets a quart of good barm, and then she boils flour and water together very well, till it is a nice, smooth, thinnish paste; when that is about blood

warm, she mixes the barm with it, and puts all together into a vessel large enough to let it work, and keeps it in a place neither hot nor cold, and covers the vessel close.

Rose. And how much of that works the bread?

Nancy. At first very little more than if it was all barm, but it takes more time to rise the flour. Every few days add as much more paste, and you may do so for a month, or more, in mild weather, till the strength of the barm is gone. But, according as you add paste, it will take more and more of the mixture to rise the flour. A pint of the strongest, left in a spunge, like batter, for some hours, does a stone of flour. If you leave it all night, let the batter be the thicker. After you work the bread, leave it a few hours more.

Rose. Well, I'm obliged to you;

this may be of use sometime or other to me.

Nancy. I don't like the trouble of it, if I could help it. I'd rather put in a good dash of barm at once, to hurry up the bread; but my mistress won't allow that, she says it makes the bread bitter, and wastes the barm.

Rose. Sure you are happy to have such a good housekeeper for a mistress, especially if she be good-humoured, which I believe good housekeepers often are, because they time business for themselves and their servants, and things go on so regular that there is no room for fretting.

Nancy. Indeed I'll never deny it, my mistress is a very quiet woman, and pleasant to live with, if she was not so particular, for every thing must be put in its place, and the pots and saucepans all cleaned

before they are put by, which she was hard enough set to make me do, but she told me so often how much trouble it would save myself not to have to clean a vessel when I wanted to use it, that I found at last it was the best way, and indeed she insisted that it should be done. But I could not tell you all her exactness and odd ways, if I was talking till to morrow morning.

Rose. You have told me no odd ways yet; I think you have nothing to complain of. When a thing is in its place one knows where to find it, but a great deal of time is spent looking for things which are thrown out of one's hand in a hurry, and sure no tidy servant would lay by her pots and sancepans dirty.

Nancy. O then, she *has* odd ways, and very disagreeable ways. Not a drop of tea will she give me, barring Sunday evenings, and washing days,

and other servants in the town get it morning and evening, as duly as morning and evening come.

Rose. I think you are very much obliged to your mistress for not giving you such a bad fashion. What would you do in a house of your own? you could not afford to drink tea, and you would be hankering after it, when you got the way of it.

Nancy. Say what you will, I intend to have tea when I'm in a house of my own, and no thanks to any one. Then, that's not all; my mistress refused to let me sit up at a neighbour's wake. She gave me leave to sit an hour there in the afternoon, and she let me go to the burial; but she would not hear of my sitting up; and she preached an hour to me about it, and she said it was a shame to the nation to have diversion at wakes. Now I would not give a pin to go except at night, for then the

fun goes on; and it has vexed me so, that I intend to give my mistress warning when my quarter is up, for now I have learned a deal, I can get a better place, where I can have more liberty.

Rose. You may get higher wages, but take my advice, and stay with your good mistress. She is a considerate woman, I am sure, and will raise your wages, or make you amends some way or other, if you stay with her, and please her; and your having more liberty will not make you more comfortable. Besides, 'a rolling stone gathers no moss;' and a servant is thought nothing about, that leaves her places at every hand's turn. You don't know what a poor life servants have in some grand families, where their mistress knows nothing about them. Stay where you are, and content yourself.

DIALOGUE X.

SERVITUDE.

Nancy, Rose.

Nancy. So, Rose, we have met again! are you in the same place still?

Rose. Yes, Nancy, I don't like changing.

Nancy. Indeed, I believe you are in the right of it. I wish I had taken your advice, for I have changed for the worse; though I have high wages, and tea constantly, I'm not so happy as when I was with my old mistress. I think, putting every thing together, I had as much liberty with her, and a great deal less to do.

Rose. I thought you complained of being closely kept to work.

Nancy. Ay, but when my work was done in her house, it was done; but here there is no end to my work. There, if I was after washing the parlour[16], or the stairs, all the family took care not to dirt them. Indeed my master has taken off his shoes, when the weather was *slobbery*, to go up stairs; but here the least child in the house, ay, the dog itself, will tramp all over the clean boards, and make a show of them in an hour[17].

Rose. Are there no grown up children to mind the little ones, and keep them from dirtying the place?

Nancy. There is a young miss, as pert and saucy as you please, that says, what am I for, but to clean the house? and while I am scouring out the parlour, will send me up stairs for her pocket-handkerchief, while she sits crying over a story book.

It would be fitter for her to have some compassion for a poor servant that's worried off her legs, waiting upon her; for she takes more attendance than her mother does, and won't stir a finger to help me, if I was dying of fatigue.

Rose. I really wonder how she can be so hard-hearted, and inconsiderate. She could save you a great deal of work, without doing much herself.

Nancy. She might indeed; and her mother ought to make her do it. Now my old mistress made one of her biggest daughters always help me to make the beds, turn about; and of a washing day they both made them, and swept the stairs, and the parlour, and dusted the furniture, and one of them always laid the cloth for dinner and supper; and because they were in a middling way, and kept but one girl, when

there was company I was never asked to go into the parlour; but Miss Betsy, or Miss Jane, whose ever turn it was, waited upon the company, and eat her dinner after they were done[9], and all so pleasant and good-humoured, and always strove to save me trouble, and were so kind to me when I was sick! Oh, I was a fool to leave them!

Rose. I'm sorry you did. But you must only make the best of it now, for fear if you change you should do worse.

Nancy. Worse is needless; but, as you say, I will strive to weather it out.

DIALOGUE XI.

SERVITUDE.

Nancy, Rose.

Nancy. Rose, I'll tell you what. I have all the mind in the world to go to London.

Rose. To London! bless me! what business have you there?

Nancy. To get a service. Katty Byrne told me it was the finest place in the world to make one's fortune in; and servants live so well, and dress so fine, that they are often taken for their mistresses, for they get such good wages, that they can have nice clothes, and save money too.

Rose. I believe servants in England get good wages, sure enough;

but then they are expected to earn them well, to know their business thoroughly, and not only know it, but do it.

Nancy. Sure I'm young, and strong, and healthy, and able to work; and I learned a good deal from my mistress at Greenfield. Ah now, Rose, come along with me yourself, you are so tidy, and so handy, you would soon get a place. Paul Cranny and Dan Toole are going to work at the hay in England; sober, staid men, and Dan is my own cousin, and they will take care of us till we get over; and a little matter will bring us to London, and Dan's wife has an aunt there, that would take us in till we get places.

Rose. Now, dear Nancy, don't think I like to be always contradicting you, but I must tell you this is a very wild scheme, and I beg you won't think any more of it. As to

me, I would not go on any account. Don't you remember poor Polly Tierney?

Nancy. Ay, she that came sick from England, to die with her people.

Rose. She was a clever, well-handed girl[9], and had lived in good places in Dublin. Then nothing would serve her but to try her fortune in London; but, she that did so well at home, could not get a place there, for a long time; till her money was spent, and most of her little clothes sold; and then she hired in such a place as she would not have thought of in her own country, where she was kept close to hard work, harder than she was used to; and the slavery, and the fretting, and the want of fresh air, soon knocked up poor Polly; and when she had got just money to bring her

home, she came; and ah, poor thing! we were very sorry to see her so cut down.

Nancy. But why could not she get a better place, if she was so well handed?

Rose. I'll tell you that.—Because she came from Ireland.

Nancy. That is very ill natured of the English people; we are as good as themselves.

Rose. I don't think it is ill nature; and really as to servants, there are very few of us as good as them.

Nancy. And why not?

Rose. Because the English poor people bring up their children to work at something or other, from the time they are able to do any thing; and work is no hardship to them, and their minds are bent upon it; and you know, Nancy, it is not so here; the children are let to run about doing nothing, at an age when

English children would earn enough to support themselves; and then they get such an idle habit, that they can seldom settle like them, to mind their business; and then again, the English are so cleanly: why I am told they wash their pigs once a week, and the pigs thrive much better for it. Now, you know, it is not so in Ireland, where a clean person is wondered at, and praised, as if it was a merit, what should be natural for every one to do; that is against an Irish servant: and the English have a notion, too, that the children here are not enough discouraged from taking what don't belong to them, and that this disposition grows up with them; and I am sure if they think so, it is no wonder that they do not like to have any thing to do with us. So where is the use of going so far, and spunging on a stranger to maintain one?

Nancy. I'm sure Nelly Toole's aunt would be glad to see any one from her own country, and would make us kindly welcome.

Rose. May be she might. But London is a dear place to live in, and people are hard enough put to it to maintain their own families, and sure it would be a shame to live upon them. But what is worst of all, and I am sure will put the notion of going there out of your head, is the danger I hear there is of falling into bad hands, through snares laid for young women, who have no one to protect them, and who are driven to such distress for want of a place, that they don't care what they do at last.

Nancy. O Rose, you terrify me! I'm off this notion entirely[20], and I'll never stir out of Ireland, while I have breath in my body.

DIALOGUE XII.

FIDELITY.

Nancy, Rose.

Nancy. After all, Rose, it is a troublesome world we live in. I am almost tired of it.

Rose. You are too young, Nancy, to be tired of the world already; your friends all well about you, and you, with health and strength, earning your bread decently and honestly.

Nancy. It is this earning I am tired of. I wish I could get an easy place, or that I could afford to live at home; for what is a servant thought of, or what can they expect?

Rose. I am sure an honest, diligent servant is thought a great deal of, and may expect a great deal of comfort. Sure it was only last week that we went to poor old Nanny M'Conaughty's burial, and what a fine burial she had; her master and mistress, and their children, walking after the coffin, and the neighbours praising her honesty, and saying how well she had served the family forty years! Her master was from home when she died, and I heard that he cried down tears when he came into his house, and found she had departed a little before. She came young into his family, and had a pretty hard work. She had an offer to leave that place, and go to a grander, where she would only be asked to take care of the dairy, for she managed milk and butter mighty well, and get higher wages; but she would not hear to it.

Nancy. I hope she told her mistress of the offer, and got her wages raised.

Rose. No, not one word, but went on, working as before, contented with her wages, and satisfied with her work; she believed her mistress gave her what she could afford, and she scorned to take an advantage of any one. The longer she lived in the family, the more they knew her goodness, and the more respect they showed her.

Nancy. But when she grew old did not she wish to be in a place of her own?

Rose. She could not be better off in any place; she had every thing she wanted, and more than she thought she wanted. Nanny's little arm chair stood by the kitchen fire, her little mug of porter on the hob, if she was weak, and not a servant but should do her bidding as soon as

the mistress's; and nothing done in the house without consulting Nanny.

Nancy. She did not do much, though, herself I suppose.

Rose. She was not asked to do any thing, but Nanny could not live without doing. She kept the keys, and was very nice who she trusted with them. She took care of the broken meat, and asked her mistress's leave to give it away as she thought proper, without troubling her for directions; for without getting leave, she thought it would not be right to give it away. Her mistress said she might do any thing she pleased, and I am sure she would have trusted her life in her hands, and all she was worth in the world. I knew a good deal about her, for my cousin Nessy lived servant there, and my aunt nurse-tended her in her illness. For the matter of that, all the family nurse-tended her, and the young

ladies attended her like their mother as long as she was ill; and old and feeble as she was, they cried as if their hearts would break after her.

Nancy. Ah that was an old fashioned family, but genteel people don't set such store by their old servants.

Rose. Goodnatured, sensible people, will always set store by a faithful servant. Sure you have seen Mr. and Mrs. Beaumont drive by in their curricle; where would you see so genteel a couple? My master's family and theirs have great resort to one another; and I knew their old steward William very well, a fine, portly, hale, old man, with white hair, and red cheeks. He had lived with Mr. Beaumont's father, and grandfather, and was like a king over the workmen and servants, and was very strict with them. For all that they loved him, because he was so

just between them and their master; and when he could not stand out with them as usual, he gave orders what should be done; and he would check the master himself, if things went astray.

Nancy. And would such a fine gentleman bear to be checked by him?

Rose. Ay, would he; for he was always used to look up to old William's judgment, and he knew he had his interest at heart. And when poor William lay on his deathbed, his master brought his own little children to take leave of their old friend. And his mistress, though she was a beautiful nice young woman, was by him when he was dying. And he had a fine burial too! for who deserves more respect than a faithful servant?

DIALOGUE XIII.

BENEVOLENCE.

Nancy, Rose.

Nancy. I suppose, Rose, you have more to do now; for I hear there is a lady come to lodge with your mistress.

Rose. I don't find that makes me have much more to do; she is such a considerate, regular body, and she is so good, and so charitable besides, that if she made work for me, I would not mind it.

Nancy. I suppose she is a grand lady, and very rich.

Rose. No, she is neither grand nor rich, though a very genteel, fine spoken gentlewoman; but she helps the poor more than many do, who

have a great deal of money; and you would wonder at all the pretty ways she has of doing it.

Nancy. How can she help the poor, if she is not rich?

Rose. Why then, I'll tell you. As she has not a family to mind, or any one to work for but herself, she has a great deal of time to spare, and any little bits of silk or calico, that she has herself, or can get from her acquaintance, she makes them into pincushions, needle books, thread cases, and such like; and there is a poor widow woman, who can hardly keep life in her, and was going out to beg in her old age: then what does this good lady do, but she raised a little money among her friends, bought poor Norah a basket, and a little matter of threads and tapes, a few sheets of pins, and little things that way; and she gives her all these things she makes, to sell for herself;

and sometimes she draws pretty pictures, and puts nice coloured paper round them, like a frame, and gives them to Norah too; and she does something else that people wonder at most of all.

Nancy. O what's that?

Rose. Why she saves all the wax she gets on her letters, and she gets a great deal of letters, and she gets her friends to do the same; and this is given to old Norah, and she picks off the paper, and melts the wax in a little grisset, and has an iron shape to run it into; and when it is cold, it is as fair a stick of sealing wax as ever you saw, and she gets sixpence a stick for it; and this, and every thing else, is such a help to her, that she lives pretty comfortable in her cabin now.

Nancy. Well, this is very wonderful! why if all the ladies did this

way, there would be no beggars at all.

Rose. She buys wool too, and employs poor women to spin it; then she reads a great deal, and she would think herself idle if she did not knit at the same time, and so she knits a power of good warm stockings for poor old creatures; and she helps many families by giving them flax to spin, and gets linen made; and what she don't use herself, her friends are very glad to buy from her.

Nancy. Why, she makes a slave of herself[21].

Rose. Not at all, she seems to have more time to walk, or divert herself in the garden, than a lady that lives next door to us, who spends so many hours at her glass, dressing herself, and lying in bed, that when she calls in to pay a morning visit she complains how hurried

and tired she is, and I am sure I wonder with what, though she looks weary and listless; while our good lodger always looks so fresh, and so happy, and every one loves and respects her; yet she is no way proud, but will speak as civil to a poor body as to a rich, and always says 'if you please,' when she asks to have any thing done for her. O, it would be a happy world, if all the quality were like her.

DIALOGUE XIV.

HOUSEKEEPING.

Tim, Jem.

Tim. Is it true, Jem, that you are going to be married?

Jem. By going to be married, do you mean immediately?

Tim. Yes, immediately! and why not?—you are past three and twenty, and should be thinking of a wife.

Jem. So I am, Tim; and that is the reason I am not going to marry immediately.

Tim. Well now, that is mighty strange.

Jem. Not at all strange, if you consider how serious a thing marriage is, and how many cares and

duties a man draws down upon himself by marrying.

Tim. If you think so much about it, I am afraid it's long before you'll be a husband.

Jem. The length of time will entirely depend upon my being able to save up money to buy a few necessaries.

Tim. Why what more do you want than a cabin and a potato garden? and those you can get from Mr. Nesbit for four guineas a year, and the grazing of a cow for four guineas more.

Jem. Do you mean one of the cabins on the hill, that have no chimney?—I would not live in one of them, if I got it for nothing! What, would you advise me to marry to smoke-dry my wife?

Tim. O, as good as you have lived and died in a cabin without a chimney.

Jem. That may be, but I will never take a house without one. But suppose I had the cabin, must not I have some little articles of furniture to put into it?

Tim. Furniture!—dear me!—furniture!—what, I suppose you got these dainty notions when you went to see your uncle last year, near Coleraine; those people in the North are plaguy nice.

Jem. Just as nice, and no more, as I am myself—if you call it nicety to wish for a bedstead to raise one up from the floor, a straw bed in coarse sacking, and a warm pair of blankets.

Tim. A man and his wife may be very comfortable on the floor, by the side of the fire; a few stones will keep in the straw, as well as the sacking; and as to blankets, sure one will do, along with the big coat about one's feet.

Jem. And so you would advise me to marry, and bring my wife home to a bed on the floor, with my big coat about her feet?—Why sure, Tim, you can't be in earnest? If I bought a sick sow at the fair, I might bring her home to such a place; but my wife I would wish to show more respect to.

Tim. But if your wife be satisfied, what need you bother yourself about the matter?

Jem. The girl I intend to marry would not be satisfied with such accommodation, nor would I wish that she should; she could neither be a fit companion for myself, nor a useful mother to my children.

Tim. What, I suppose she must have a dresser to put her crockery ware on?

Jem. Yes, and a chest for our clothes, and a cupboard, and some chairs, and a table: in short, every

thing necessary for a family that don't wish to live like the savages.

Tim. And how do the savages live?

Jem. Why, in a mud hovel without a chimney; the parents and children all pig together, on the same wisp—the father goes out to look for food, and when the mother prepares it, they all fall to, and tear it with their fingers, and devour it. In the evening they smoke, and afterwards——

Tim. Arrah, is it joking you are? do you think to pass this on me for the savages? why that's the very way they live in the county my father came from, and I hope you don't call them savages?

Jem. I call every one a savage, wherever they live, who act like savages, not troubling their heads about providing properly for their families. Sure that's the difference

between what they call civilized, and savage life.

Tim. By all the accounts ever I heard, the savages wear nothing but skins of wild beasts, and get their living by hunting.

Jem. That's a better life than some poor people here lead, who have not a warm big coat to wear in the depth of winter, and are obliged to stand over the spade from morning till night, and then come home to a cold cabin, without even the provision a foreign savage brings home.

Tim. Sure enough poor people are greatly to be pitied; but I always liked the saying, 'marry for love, and endeavour for riches.'

Jem. I leave it to yourself, is it not easier to endeavour for riches before we are incumbered with a family? Any person, who begins the

world with nothing, must live by hard labour, from hand to mouth; he can't get beforehand, and he generally gets behindhand; for you see almost all old people are too poor to live without help, and their lives are often shortened by want.

Tim. Sure we don't know what *luck* is before us. I could mention several to you that are very well to live[22], and married young too.

Jem. They must have had some advantage above the common, or may be some cleverness above the common, but I don't like to trust to *luck*; and I know I have no great knowledge above a labouring man. What I mean to do, is to work every day that a man can stand out, to save all I can, to keep from company, and shun the temptation of drink. I believe Rose will endeavour to save too; and by the time we have as

much as we think will turn to any account, and can take a bit of land, we intend to marry.

Tim. So you intend to be a farmer! I thought you had not any knowledge above a labouring man.

Jem. I intend to be a labouring man, either for myself, or for hire, as long as I am able to labour.

Tim. I never liked to be looking far beforehand, but to trust to Providence[23].

Jem. So we ought to trust to Providence, to make our endeavours turn to good account; but do you think Providence intended us to do nothing to help ourselves?

Tim. No, I don't think we ought to be idle; but we ought to take up with every thing that comes across us.

Jem. It's my belief Providence never gave us more sense than any of the animals, without he meant us to

make use of it; and a very good use it is, to provide as comfortably as we can for our families, and for our own old age, without being a burden to any one.

DIALOGUE XV.

MATRIMONY.

Nancy, Rose.

Nancy. Good morrow, Rose; why I hear you have left your service, and are come home to be married.

Rose. I need not deny it. I am going to be married to Jemmy Whelan—and indeed I heard great talk of you and Tim Cassidy. May be you are come home to be married too.

Nancy. Now, Rose, I'll tell you a secret. Tim and I are married since this day se'nnight[24]; and he is going to take a cabin, and work under Mr. Nesbitt.

Rose. O, Nancy, what possesed you to marry unknown to your

friends? Have your father and mother heard it?

Nancy. Not till this morning; and my father swore he would have Tim's life; but my mother was satisfied, and she brought him to.

Rose. I suppose your father was angry at your marrying in that underhand way; and why need you do it? Tim is a clean, honest young man, and able to earn good bread for you; and couldn't you as well have married openly and fairly, and have your father and mother's blessing? for indeed, Nancy, it's a serious affair to change one's condition, and don't know how it will be with one.

Nancy. Ay, we might as well have asked the old people's consent, and we would be glad now we had; but we went off in a frolick together. But I hope we will do very well; there's no more loving boy than Tim; and he says when we get into our

own cabin, that he will never ask me to do any out work, and I shall have my tea and bread and butter every day.

Rose. Ah, never mind him! must not every poor man's wife work in and out of doors, and do all she can to help her husband? and do you think you could afford tea, on thirteen pence a day? Put that out of your head, entirely, Nancy; give up the tea for good and all.

Nancy. Rose, it is a folly to talk; I can't give up my tea; I'm so used to it now, and it was such a comfort to me when I was so hard worked at my last place.

Rose. But now you have other comforts. You have a loving husband, the best of all worldly comforts; and the way to keep him so, is to be a good wife; not only loving him, but managing and stretching his little earnings. Now if you both

take to drinking tea, (and sure *you* can't sit down to one thing, and *he* to another,) you must have a quarter of an ounce of tea, that is three halfpence at the lowest; and two ounces of sugar, that is three halfpence more; a fourpenny loaf will be tight enough; two ounces of butter, two pence; all that comes to nine pence, and hardly enough; and weak food for a man. Then a quart of oatmeal, which you will get for two pence halfpenny, and a pennyworth of milk, will give you the greatest plenty for your breakfast; and that is but three pence halfpenny; so you save five pence halfpenny every day, in that meal; and then you can afford to buy a little meat now and then, when it is cheap. You could buy a shin of beef, or a sheep's head in the season, and make very good broth, throwing in an onion, and marygolds, or whatever pot herbs

you like, and thickening it with a handful of oatmeal. O, it is a comfortable dinner of a cold winter's day, for a labouring man!

Nancy. But a labouring man wants something to strengthen him of a hot summer's day too, and then meat is too dear to think about.

Rose. You could get a quarter of veal for two tenpennies, that would give you three dinners, stewed with onion, pepper, and salt, and a little fat bacon, and sliced potatoes; and that would stand you but in about sevenpence a dinner. To be sure that same you could not have very often; for there is the supper to be thought of, and the rent. Tim will work hard at his garden in the evenings; and while you are young and strong, and have no family, you will try to lay up something against a rainy day. If you could earn the price of a cow, I think you could get grass

for it, and after a while, may be, take a field; and a cow would make handsomely for you, your good mistress Clinton taught you to make butter so well.

Nancy. The price of a cow! how would I earn the price of a cow? besides, Tim expects one from his father.

Rose. Any way, do you earn all you can; never let the needle, or the knitting out of your hands, when you are not doing about your little place, or sitting down to your wheel. When you don't want to work for yourself, get it to do for hire; if you can't get sewing, I think you might with spinning earn two shillings a week; and that is better than nothing, and would come to something in the year.

Nancy. O what a bother there's with you about spinning! what signifies such poor earning as that? I'd

do better to work out, at cutting, or picking potatoes, or binding.

Rose. While you have no charge, as I said before, you might do so; but I do not think a woman gains as much by working out, as by steadily doing within, for she wears her clothes greatly; but, out and in, and every way, we must strive to earn an honest penny.

Nancy. Well, it will be all one a hundred years hence; and now I have one to work for me, I won't make a slave of myself any more.

Rose. Dear Nancy, don't set out on that plan; don't think of sitting with your hands before you, and let your husband work for you; he won't like it long, I promise you. Lay yourself out to help him, pull both of you one way, and let that be the right way; and you need not fear getting on.

DIALOGUE XVI.

NURSING.

Nancy, Rose.

Nancy. I THOUGHT you had some sense till now, Rose; but I can hardly believe that you refused Mrs. Highlands' nursing: and now the woman that got it is made up; for it is a son and heir. She is to get ten guineas a year; I believe she got ten at the christening; all the relations will be making her presents, and they are all rich people. So that, one thing with another, I don't doubt but the nursing will be worth forty pounds to her, beside the good living she gets[25]. And now, were you such a fool as to refuse it?

Rose. Indeed, Nancy, I did refuse it, and would, if it was to do again. I am very much obliged to Mrs. Highlands for her good opinion of me; and any gentlewoman, that would trust her child with me to nurse in my own cabin, I hope would not have reason to repent it; but I have so often seen a poor family destroyed by means of the woman going out to nurse, every thing running to wreck and ruin, her own poor children neglected, and her husband made an altered man, that I would not, for any money, leave my family.

Nancy. Sure you might get a careful girl to mind the place. But may be you are of a jealous cast, and would be afraid of her inveigling Jem.

Rose. No, Nancy, I am not of a jealous cast; and I think Jem is as much to be trusted as any man; but

if a woman does not do her duty to her family, how can she blame her husband if he does badly?

Nancy. You might get an old woman to live in the house, and take care for you.

Rose. I would not like that either. Old people are not fond of children, except it be their grannies; and they are often fretful and cross. I would be sorry my poor Jem would not have his place comfortable when he'd come home from work; it might drive him to the ale-house, and then we were all lost[26].

Nancy. There was Nanny Meoghan nursed several children out of her own house, and every thing went on well at home, for all that.

Rose. Nanny had her husband's mother to leave after her, a clever, stirring woman, very fond of her son, and his children; and there was one thing in which Nanny was very

right. She told her mistress, that she was not used to tea, and would not choose to be used to it, for it was a thing she could not have at home; and that stirabout, or bread and milk, was a better breakfast for her. Then she had her wages to do her some good, and not to spend on the bad fashion of tea.

Nancy. I suppose you would take a nursing into your own house, if such a thing came into the way.

Rose. If my own child was old enough to wean I would.

Nancy. But the quality are very particular, that the nurse's child should be very young, you know.

Rose. They mostly are so; but Mrs. Betterton always chose to give her child to a woman whose infant was old enough to wean. She could not nurse herself, and she used to say, since she could not do that duty, she would not be the means of

any woman wronging her own child; and her children were as *good children* as any in the country; for it stands to reason, that when a woman has her own child under her eye, and able to run about, she could nurse another with an easier mind, and do it more justice.

DIALOGUE XVII.

SQUABBLING.

Nancy, Rose.

Nancy. Now, tell truth! was it not Jem hindered you to go out to nurse?

Rose. Indeed, upon my word, it was not; for I refused before he knew such a thing was mentioned to me.

Nancy. Why then, there was a good nursing I might have got, and Tim declared I should not leave my own cabin. It was fitter for me, he said, to keep my children whole and clean, and get his bit ready for him, than go flaunting in fine clothes, and learn to drink tea again.

Rose. O then, you have left off the tea. I am glad of that.

Nancy. Ay indeed, I have left it off sure enough, for all Tim's promises; but he is not at all the man I thought he was. It's he that makes me work out, and often pick potatoes with the child on my back; and he thinks nothing I do is right, and is always hitting up his mother to me[27].

Rose. Now I beg your pardon, Nancy, but I think Tim is a good kind of man; and I hope you don't provoke him.

Nancy. Why should he hit up his mother to me, and be continually finding fault with every thing I do?

Rose. I wish, Nancy, you had buckled to at first, and settled down to work; and when Tim saw that, he would not require more of you than you could easily do. Men are something like my old mistress when

they direct women; they don't know what a woman can do, and sometimes they lean a little hard. Then all you have for it, is to be good humoured, and tell him quietly that you find such things too hard for you; and I'll engage he won't ask you to do them.

Nancy. It's hard to be good humoured when one's husband is cross. Why the other evening, because he had to wait for his supper, (for I had gone out to take a little walk, and the fire was out,) he flew into such a passion! and I was resolved to hold my own, and to give him as good as he brought; and one word *borrowed* another, till he fell upon me, and beat me. But I warrant I exposed him well for it, for I told the Miss Nesbitts, and they gave him a good set down.

Rose. I'm sorry you did:—expose your husband! how can you expect

him to love you after? O, Nancy! think yourself well off to have a sober man, that spends nothing from his family. Why wouldn't you have his supper for him? after working hard all day, sure it was a poor thing to find the fire out, and you not within; and nothing ready for him, nor no one to get it. And when he was angry, you should not have answered him, except it was to own that you did wrong; and then his anger would be over in a minute. Excuse me, but I know a little what belongs to matters of this kind; and I always found it the best way to submit.

Nancy. Indeed I have heard that Jem liked a drop, and that he was very cross when he took liquor.

Rose. Jem used sometimes to take a little, but not often; and you know a man can't tell what he says or does, when he is out of the way.

But he has left it off now, and is as good a husband as a poor woman need have; and then I strive to make him comfortable at home, as much as I can; and he never desires to stir a foot out, only to his work; and in the evenings he teaches little Tommy his lesson, while I am at work, and the other children asleep; and we don't envy any one, we are so happy.

Nancy. Indeed I envy you then, and I wish I had your patience; but I have a high spirit, and what's in must out with me.

Rose. Do, Nancy, try to keep down that high spirit, and to keep in what should not come out; and then you need not envy me, or any one else.

DIALOGUE XVIII.

CHASTISEMENT.

Jem, Tim.

Jem. My good neighbour Tim, I am sure you won't be angry for what I am going to say to you.

Tim. You know, Jem, you may say what you please to poor Tim.

Jem. I am sorry, then, to hear that you beat your wife.

Tim. What then, she complained to you too, I suppose. It is well I did not kill a man, or rob on the high road, for she'd tell it on me, and have me hanged. O, Jem, you have no notion what sort of a woman she is!

Jem. Try what quietness will do

for her. Poor Nancy is not a bad natured body; she would hear reason, I'm sure.

Tim. Not she! she'll hear no reason. I came home slaved and tired, and thought to sit down to my supper, but not a potato was washed—the fire was out—the door was hasped, and nobody within. I strove to rake out a coal of fire, and was washing the potatoes myself, when in came Nancy, laughing and tittering with Peggy Donoghoe; and she never said, 'Tim, I'm sorry for serving you this way,' or took the potatoes from me, to put them on, but flounced about, as if she had a right to be angry, and not I. I said nothing till Peggy was gone, and then I told her a bit of my mind, but she was on her high horse; and it don't signify talking, but she *aggravated* me so, that I beat her sure enough[29].

Jem. Well, Tim, it is a woman's

duty to be sure to have her place comfortable for her husband, let him come home in a good humour, or a bad one. And it is a man's duty too, to consider his wife, and make allowance for her, if she don't always do as he'd have her, and to come home pleasant; and if both of them are pleasant, they will long for the time of seeing one another again. Indeed I have no right to talk, for often I was cross to poor Rose, after spending most of my week's hire at the alehouse. I was so angry with myself for spending it so badly, that I used to come home in a wicked humour indeed; and sure I would have been worse, only she was so quiet; for though I'd see her wiping her eyes with her apron, not a cross word would she say. But I hope that is all over now.

Tim. O, indeed, Jem, you have no excuse to behave bad to Rose;

she is no gossiper, no idler, no lazy body, no tea drinker.

Jem. Why did you give Nancy so much of her way at first, and promise her tea, when you knew in your heart, you could not afford it?

Tim. Ay, Jem, there I was wrong; and, indeed, I was wrong to marry till I had something *to the fore*[1], especially when I had such bad help.

Jem. O, Tim, never get into the way of being sorry that you married. That, once done, is done for life; but strive to live together comfortably; and nothing makes poor people more comfortable than content, and good humour. You're a man, Tim, and should have more sense; when you are in a good humour together, then draw down these little things, and talk them over quietly.

Tim. Ah, Jem, when we are pleasant, I am loth to speak of any thing that might unsettle us, though I

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know that is the best time; for I love Nancy, and she loves me; and I wonder we don't agree better.

Jem. Well, make a resolution never to be both angry at the same time, and then I'll give my word for it you will agree better.

DIALOGUE XIX.

SUNDAY.

Rose, Nancy.

Rose. GOODMORROW, Nancy, why are you milking the cow so late?

Nancy. Because I went to bed tired after the day's diversion, and neither Tim nor I awoke till near eight o'clock.

Rose. Well, Nancy, we always get up earlier on Monday morning, than any in the week. It is a pleasant time to begin any fresh job of work, and one is so rested all Sunday.

Nancy. The never a one in our house rests, neither cat, nor dog, nor any one else.

Rose. How do you manage to be all so tired?

Nancy. Why, in the morning we take a good sleep, and then I am hurried to get the breakfast over, and myself and the children dress'd for prayers, and Tim bothers me for a button, or a string, or to draw up a hole in his stocking; and then we must run every foot of the way to chapel[31], and are often late after all; and then we are smothering in the crowd, after running so fast, so that we can't think of prayers. Then we hurry home to dress a bit of meat, for Tim likes a bit of meat of a Sunday; so I broil myself over that; and the children run wild when there is no school, and pester me looking for them. All the evening we do be roving here, and roving there. I lock the cabin; and many's the good cock and hen we lose on Sundays; and the children set the dog and cat to fight; so there's nothing but hubbub from morning till night[32], and

Tim scolding us all by turns. If he went to walk, or play, or drink like another man, and not stay watching us, it would be more to my liking. Dear me! but I hate a cross man! When he's of a hearty humour of a fine Sunday evening, I make him take us out, and treat us all to tea and cakes; then we're so tired, we can hardly strip ourselves to go to bed, and can badly waken in the morning; nor, indeed, we don't care to work so soon after such diversion.

Rose. If you like, Nancy, I'll tell you how we pass our time on Sundays. We rise about as early as any other day, and ready up the place before breakfast, that we may have time to do as I'll tell you; all day. After breakfast, we have plenty of time to put on us[13], because our little clothes are mended, and laid out over night. Jem and I, always think it a pleasant walk to the cha

pel, and do our endeavour to be in time for mass. We advise the children to mind what is said, and to attend to their duty while they stay there, because it is very bad to be diverting themselves, and thinking of other things, at the time when they say they go to worship. They know that we always took care of them, and listened to their little complaints, and eased them if we could, nor never was fond of crossing them; so they are for being after us, wherever we go; and if they teaze us sometimes, yet, on the whole, it is a great ease to know they are safe, and with them that won't ill advise them. As to our bit of dinner, we like to have a bit of meat too on Sundays. I dress it as comfortably as I can, and we always enjoy ourselves in quietness over our clean, good victuals, for which we are very thankful, and advise the children to be so. If a bit

is left, Jem always likes it to be sent to Molly, our old neighbour; indeed the children would sooner stint themselves, than let her be disappointed; and they all wish to carry it to her. Sometimes we take a bit of a walk in the evening, or sit at the door playing with the children, or call to see a neighbour; but we always read a good book out loud for an hour; and we have little books, teaching goodness, that we lend to the children that can read. So our evening goes over in quietness; and I hope we are the better of it; for it is not good to be always thinking of work, no more than diversion, it makes us too worldly-minded: and as to feasting and drinking, it is neither good for soul nor body.

Nancy. I would fall asleep with so much reading.

Rose. If you gave your mind to it, you'd be sorry when it was done;

and it's often we cry with joy, when we read the sweet sayings of the dying, and all the joy they expect. We can't but pray to be like them.

Nancy. Well, I would not be bound to spend such a Sunday for all that, it being the only day we have of our own.

Rose. It's the Lord's day, and we have a right to think of Him on it; so it is every day, but this in particular; and we ought to be proud that there is a day of rest for our bodies, and that we can prepare ourselves for hereafter.

DIALOGUE XX.

ANGER.

Nancy, Rose.

Nancy. THERE is no bearing it, Rose, I wonder you can bear it!

Rose. Bear what, Nancy?

Nancy. To have my children, and your children, *faulted* as they are by Bet Shaughness. She scolded them, and that was not enough; but she beat my Jem, and your Larry, because her dirty brat said they took his ball.

Rose. Did they take his ball? I would be very sorry for that! If children rob their playfellows, what will they do when they are men?

Nancy. O, Rose, you are too par-

ticular! What great matter if they took his ball?

Rose. Great matter indeed! one can't be too particular in making children honest.

Nancy. Well, they did not take his ball then. I saw it, with my two eyes, roll into the ditch.

Rose. Now I'm easy,

Nancy. But I'm not easy. I'll be revenged on her for beating my child.

Rose. It was very wrong and silly of her to mind what her child said; but it is not worth taking notice of. Never think any thing about children falling out. Poor things! they'll be out, and in again in a minute. Don't harden their little hearts, by taking part with one against another[34].

Nancy. Bet's a bad neighbour! Did you hear what she said of you?

Rose. I strive not to deserve any of my neighbours to speak ill of me:

but if they do, I had rather not hear it. There is nothing in this world worth losing one's peace of mind for; and I should not have much peace, if I watched what people said of me. If they say wrong, it is the worse for themselves; but I pray that nothing may make me keep ill will to any one; for then I think I could not lie down in comfort to sleep, or rise up pleasantly to work, or love my husband, or children rightly; or do any thing as I ought, if my mind was poisoned with spite".

Nancy. And would you let yourself be trod upon? and sure you will, if you don't show spirit.

Rose. I think people that mind their own business, and live lovingly with their neighbours, are never trod upon.

Nancy. O it's hard to live lovingly with some; and when I've said my say, it's all over in a minute; be-

sides, the best natured people are the most passionate, that's my comfort.

Rose. Nancy, dear, can you believe that foolish saying, invented, and spread abroad by the passionate, to excuse themselves? Pray recollect amongst your own friends and acquaintances, if the best natured were not always the gentlest, and the mildest too.

Nancy. I can't say but they are. However, it's my nature to be hasty, and I can't help it.

Rose. Every one can help it. Do you ever see any one in a passion with those who can do them great service? a man, for instance, with an old person, from whom he expects a good legacy? or a tenant with his landlord? No, no, they take care to keep their passion for those that are under them, and in their power; their servants, their apprentices, and

sometimes their wives and children. Besides, as to saying it's your nature, Nancy, to be sure it is in the nature of us all to do wrong; and we must try to get the better of our bad inclinations, and pray against them, and not let them grow into bad habits.

DIALOGUE XXI.

THE QUARREL.

Tim, Jem.

Tim. Oh, Jem, I was sorry I was not at the fair, to back you. Was your head much cut? But next fair, I suppose, you will be even with Bill Dugan.

Jem. O, no, Tim, I have done! I would not go through all I did, since last Saturday, again, for my hat full of guineas.

Tim. Why, was your head so bad?

Jem. I did not care about my head, only that I frightened my poor woman so, when I came in all bloody.

Tim. And did she scold you?

Jem. No, Rose never scolds. She

cried, though; and I knew it was not for my head only, but that I should make a blackguard of myself; but she never said, 'Jem, why did you do that?'

Tim. Why do you take the thing to heart so? never fear, we'll be up with him! though I'm not a man that's fond of fighting, I'd take part with my neighbour.

Jem. All I want, is to be friends with every one; and live as I used to do, in peace and quietness. What did it signify whether Bill Dugan or I had that sack of potatoes, that we both raised *such an argument* about at the market; I wish it was down the river, before we fell out about it. I had a great mind to bring them back to Bill, and tell him I was sorry; but I was ashamed, and afraid he would laugh at me.

Tim. Ah no, Jem, I am sure he would not. I declare I feel the tears

in my eyes, to hear you talk. I think Bill would love you ever after; for nothing warms the heart to a person, like his owning himself in the wrong[37].

Jem. Ah, but when I got the notion of being laughed at, I could not bring myself to do as I'd wish to do; and then Bill and I grew more and more strange to one another; and then, at the fair, we had both taken too much whiskey, and the old grudge came up again; and—you heard the rest. I am ashamed to think that I was seen stripped, and fighting, and making sport for people that did not care if we were both *kilt*, so they had diversion.

Tim. Well, think no more about it, Jem.

Jem. I can't be easy till Bill and I are friends again. In the morning when I waken, I feel that something is the matter with me, and I can't at

first remember it; and I am afraid to try to remember it; but it comes like a cloud over me[38]; and it is my argument with Bill; and it sticks in my stomach all day, rising up every now and then—and the fighting! O, the drink, the drink! Had not I the greatest luck in the world, not to do as that unfortunate Dennis Broghall did?

Tim. How was that? I don't know about it.

Jem. No, for it was before you came to this country. Dinny was a great fellow at fairs, and very bullying, and overbearing, especially when he was in liquor, and no one dared to stand before him; but poor Phil Dogherty would not be crowed over by him; and about as silly a thing as our potatoes, they fell out in the fair, and set to fighting; and Dinny hit Phil on the head with his unlucky shillela[39]—and—it is a folly

to talk—he killed Phil stone dead. O how poor Phil's wife screeched, when she went to lift her husband's head, and his brains came on her hand. Phil's people went to a justice; and Dinny was in hopes they would not take him up, as they must all know he did not know what he was doing, being, as he was, in liquor. But that would not save him—taken up he was, put into jail, and tried for his life.

Tim. Did he get off? Sure it was not murder!

Jem. Indeed but it was brought in murder, for there was a quarrel before; and so there was malice proved against Dinny; though very great quality strove to save him. His being in liquor was not the least excuse; and poor Dinny was hang'd. The poor creature expected his life to the very last; and when he found it was all over, why, then

the stout, hectoring buck, that did not care a chew of tobacco for any one, was so cut down at once, that he could not stand to have the halter put on his neck; indeed, some thought he died before he was turned off. And now that unfortunate boy had no notion of killing Phil, when he struck him that unlucky blow. But oh, the drink! the drink!

Tim. Well Jem, don't fret! this may be the best turn ever came across you. It will be a warning to you, however.

Jem. I am ashamed of how I exposed myself. But that itself is not so bad, as to think I have put it past making up with Bill. We don't know how soon it may please the Almighty to call us out of this world; and if we have not love in our hearts, we are neither fit to live nor die. O, I

wish I could shake hands with Bill once more.

Tim. Shall I speak to Bill about it? I don't doubt but you will be as cordial as ever.

Jem. Do, Tim, honey, and I will be for ever obliged to you.

DIALOGUE XXII.

THE RECONCILEMENT.

Tim, Jem.

Tim. Well, Jem, I hope your head is better.

Jem. It is indeed. Did you see Bill?

Tim. That was what I came to tell you about. Bill has petted as much as you, that there should be any *distance* between you, and at what happened at the fair, and begs that there may be no more about it; and his wife is in the straw; and he asks you to come to the christening, and you will make up all affairs over a comfortable supper, and a jug of whiskey punch.

Jem. You are a good fellow, Tim, and a good neighbour; and I would walk barefoot from Cork to Dublin to serve you. You have made my heart lighter than it has been this many a day. Ah, a poor man has enough of hardships, and he wants an easy mind to bear them all; and no one can have an easy mind, who has ill will or shyness to a fellow creature, let alone a neighbour.

Tim. Will you go to the christening?

Jem. If I don't it's not for want of wishing him, and his child, and all belonging to him well; but I am afraid to touch whiskey again, or go in the way of it.

Tim. Will you swear against the liquor, Jem?

Jem. No, I don't like swearing; when people swear, they think they can never guzzle enough when the time is out. But by keeping from

it, I *will* soon leave off liking liquor, I am sure.

Tim. Sure you are no drunkard, Jem!

Jem. I hope not; yet what else can I be called, after what has happened? I am something given that way, and if I had not such a wife, I might be bad enough.

Tim. I suppose Rose advises you a great deal.

Jem. No, she never said much to me about my misbehaviour, at the worst of times; but when I came home, she was always sure to be in the way, to look pleasantly, to have the cabin floor clean, and the ashes swept up, and to have my bit laid out so neat, and so comfortable, that I liked home better than any other place[10].

Tim. Ay, Jem, you are a lucky man! But I think you need not be

afraid to trust yourself at the christening.

Jem. Ever since I heard the story of Martin Coghlan, I am afraid to trust myself.

Tim. What story of Martin Coghlan? wasn't he the head butcher in Carlow? and hadn't he a house no gentleman need be ashamed to sit down in, and full and plenty about him, and left his children all very well?

Jem. That was the man. But he would not have been so well, if he had not taken better ways than those he set out with.

Tim. How was that, Jem?

Jem. Why, you must know, every shilling Martin got he spent at the King's head. Well, after leaving pounds upon pounds there, one evening he had nothing to pay his reckoning, and what does the woman of the house do, but she takes his hat".

Tim. Ay, ay, she knew well enough he couldn't hold out paying.

Jem. Martin was so mad at this, that he swore he would never drink another drop in her house; then, as he cooled, and came to himself, he thought he would get no more civility at another place, that every one would fawn upon him while he had something, and affront him when all was gone. So Martin took up a resolution, that he would never drink any thing stronger than milk and water.

Tim. And did he keep his promise?

Jem. Stay, you shall hear. Martin was a very honest man in the way of his business, and very well liked; and he soon made money when he left off drinking; and some of his friends from the county Kilkenny came to see him at Christmas, and he set a pot of ale before them, and

he thought he might drink a little with them, and not get at all out of the way.

Tim. O, poor Martin! I'm afraid he was off again.

Jem. Let me finish my story. He took up the pot, and as he was raising it to his head, something in his mind warned him that he should not taste it, and his hand trembled, and he laid down the pot without tasting it; and from that day, to the day of his death, never drank any thing stronger than milk and water. And he was so thankful that he had strength given to stand against it; and every thing throve and prospered with him; and often he told the story when he was an old man.

Tim. Well, indeed, and a good story it is. Well, do as you please about the christening, but come over with me to see Bill.

DIALOGUE XXIII.

THE GARDEN.

Nancy, Rose.

Nancy. WELL, Rose, you give yourself, and your children no rest. Why are you all so busy pulling up these little weeds? is it worth while stooping to them when they are so little?

Rose. I think it is much better to get them out as fast as they come up, and not let them go to seed. When we have a bit of spare time, we divert ourselves with cleaning the garden: and I always think of the mind of a child, it's so much better and easier to root out bad dispositions when the child is little.

Nancy. That wall of the house next the garden is nicely covered with white currants; I wonder they are not stole from you.

Rose. We have our garden very well fenced. We sell these currants to the ladies that make their own wine; we strive to make every way with honesty. Every little is a help to a poor body.

Nancy. What a row of bee-hives you have!

Rose. Yes, we had several swarms this year. That same is a help to us. We sell a power of honey and wax.

Nancy. But where's the use of having flowers in a poor body's garden?

Rose. Our bees feed on them, if there was no other use. And we like to look at them, and smell them; and those red roses we think a great deal of, for we pull off the leaves, cut off the white part, and dry them:

we keep some, and sell the rest to the apothecary. None of our flowers are what the quality call nice, and yet they admire them.

Nancy. I think you take up a great deal of time in sowing things you don't want. Poor people may be satisfied with potatoes and cabbage, and an onion now and then, and not be looking for turnips, and carrots, and parsnips, and pease, and beans forsooth.

Rose. Sure when we have the garden, we may as well have a little variety.

Nancy. Now, only you are my kind, goodnatured gossip, Rose, I'd say you are very conceited, to have french beans there, twining about the summer-house, like the quality. And what a sight of onions you have, sure you can't want them all!

Rose. Onions are very good to help out kitchen", especially when

the potatoes are bad; and then they are a thing in constant demand, so that we send a great deal to market; and many other things we sell out of our garden, beside making us live more plentifully than we could do without it.

DIALOGUE XXIV.

THE HOUSE.

Nancy, Rose.

Nancy. WELL, Rose, I like to come into your house, it is so clean, and so sweet; but I wonder how you got that pretty honeysuckle to grow round your door.

Rose. It grows fast, and only wants nailing now and then.

Nancy. I wonder the children let it grow.

Rose. That's the danger, indeed; but when I planted them, I gave one slip to Tommy, and one to Betty, and they watched them well, and would not let them be touched[47].

Nancy. Your windows look as if they had no glass in them. How do

you manage to keep them without a spot?

Rose. By rubbing them every week, inside and outside. It takes very little time, and one can see through them so much better, when they are clean.

Nancy. I often wonder at your having them to rise. Sash windows look so queer in a cabin.

Rose. You know Jem is handy; and when he was building the house, he made the windows himself, and made them to rise; and it was well for himself that he did, for when he had the long fever, the fresh air used to revive him, and the doctor said it helped to save his life; and then the room is so pleasant, dry, and comfortable, and has not the damp feel, that the cabin we lived in before had.

Nancy. Your floor is so even, it is easily swept. My floor is full of

holes, and Tim checks me for not having it clean.

Rose. Coax Tim to fill up the holes with a little yellow clay for you, and put a bit of a board on them till they are dry, and then you will have a nice even floor.

Nancy. Your house always looks as if it was just white washed. I suppose you do it very often.

Rose. Not very, but I sweep the walls every day; and Jem took great care in making our chimney, that it should not smoke.

Nancy. Now what need you bother yourself with so many things to take care of*, your gridiron, and your frying-pan, and your pots of different sizes, and your saucepans? Indeed I don't wonder at your having a tea-kettle; but it looks as if you did not use it often. I may say the same of every thing else, they

look as if they were just come out of the shop.

Rose. Indeed, Nancy, I have none of these things for pride; I have use for them all.

Nancy. Then I can do well enough with less. My big pot does to boil our potatoes, and feed the pig in, and heat the water to wash, and wash in after; and I want no gridiron; I can broil a herring on the tongs. What's that thing with the cover for?

Rose. To stew a bit of meat in, when we can get it. It gets the good out of it finely.

DIALOGUE XXV.

THE PIG.

Nancy, Rose.

Nancy. Rose, will you lend me one of your caps for a day or two? See what a rag the nasty pig has made of mine! and I have never another, but one that's torn down the middle, and not fit to put on my head.

Rose. I will not refuse you, Nancy; but pray take care of my cap, and mend your own as soon as you can. How could the pig contrive to get at it?

Nancy. Why, I went a little way down the road, without fastening the door, and left my little clothes in the pot, where I had just washed them; and sure enough, the pig went

into the cabin as usual, and because the pot stood in the same place it does be in when she comes to feed in it, and the water was grown cold, she pops in her ugly nose, and though I was just coming back to the cabin, she found time to tear my poor cap as you see, and three handkerchiefs, and all poor Tim's cravats.

Rose. You see, Nancy, it would have been cheaper for you to have built a separate place for your pig, as Jem advised you, and not to have given it the way of going into the cabin to be fed. Indeed I wonder you can bear to have it eat out of the same vessel that boils food for your husband and children.

Nancy. Why, the neighbours' pigs would be eating it's victuals, if I fed it out of doors.

Rose. Not if you built a sty for it; besides, you know I am your nearest neighbour, and my pigs are

shut up. Jem is going to make an addition to their little place, but the walls of the new part will be high enough to hinder them from getting out, so that they can have light and air, and move about, without doing mischief to ourselves, or others; and their food can be put in over the wall.

Nancy. Why, what do they want with light and air?

Rose. All animals intended for food, are wholesomer, and sweeter to eat, for not being debarred from them; besides, I hate to shut up any living creature, day and night, in a dark hole. The Almighty has given us the beasts for our service, but has forbidden us to torment them; and I think we should do all we can to save them from unnecessary pain. Indeed this is generally our interest, as well as our duty. It is very well known by the great jockies, as they call them, that a horse will thrive

and fatten twice as well with gentleness, and good treatment, as he will with ill usage and blows, though he got the same quantity of food[46].

Nancy. Now, Rose, do you believe that of a brute beast?

Rose. I believe it, because I have heard it from those who have made their fortune by horses, and have the best right to know them[47]. Besides, half the shocking accidents that happen from their restiveness would be avoided, if men treated them with quietness and good temper.

DIALOGUE XXVI.

MANURE.

Tim, Jem.

Tim. Tell me, Jem, how you manage to have such plenty in your garden for your own family, and more to bring to market; while my garden, though it is somewhat bigger, barely does ourselves[48]?

Jem. Why then, Tim, I'll tell you that. In the first place, I manure it well.

Tim. It's what I wonder at, where you get the manure.

Jem. I'll put you in the way of getting manure too. You must build a pig sty, and enclose a bit of a yard to it; and your pig will soon save

the expense of them, by the manure you will get out of the sty.

Tim. Ah, Jem, you know straw is out of my reach to bed the pig with, it is so very dear.

Jem. I know that too; but gather up your potato stalks, bean stalks, and all such like things about the cabin, and put them into the sty, for litter for the pig; and you may throw with them some turf mould, that you can't burn; then weed your land and garden clean, and throw the weeds among the litter; and when the leaves are falling, make the children sweep them into little heaps, and bring them into the sty too; and you can hardly believe what a fine heap of manure you will get in a short time, to add to the cleanings of the cow house.

Tim. Jem, I'll take your advice: and indeed I was laid out to make a sty[49]; Nancy has not let me rest

about it, since the pig tore our things in the pot; and Rose advised her not to let it run loose about the world any more.

Jem. It's a thing, Tim, you'll never repent of doing.

Tim. But you have a way of planting your garden, to make it hold more than other people's.

Jem. If you want to know my way, I'll tell you. I set out the early York cabbage plants far enough from each other, to let a bean be planted between; now the bean don't take up much room, and don't hurt the plants. I strive to get the best kind of potatoes, and suit each sort to the proper season; which, by having the command of a little manure, I can do. At the edges of my early potato ridges, I plant green curled borecole; and when the potatoes are dug out, the borecole grows large, and gives fine greens for winter.

The later potatoes may have later borecole plants, or single gray peas, put at their edges; and by this way the ground is made the most of. Beside this you see, I have my little plots of beans and pease, and my beds of turnips, carrots, parsneps, and onions; and the trimmings of these, and the trimmings of the cabbage, are thrown to the pig; and what she don't eat makes more manure. You see, too, that I have rape plants to put down, when the other crops are taken off; for they are hardy, and stand the winter, and cold spring; and their sprouts are nice greens for ourselves, or the cow, or pig. About two pennyworth of rape seed, to get it good, gives me five hundred, or from that to a thousand plants; and this I sow about July, in a small spot of ground, and transplant as I want them.

Tim. Well, long life to you, Jem!

but why do you waste your time making a summer house?

Jem. Indeed, Tim, I have no time to spare for such things, but I did not say against my little boys nailing these sticks together, and giving them a pretty shape; and the girls put down French beans about them, and they run up among the sticks, and blossom, and look exceedingly pretty; and, to be sure, the children are proud enough of it; and I can't say but I take some pride out of it too. Any way I am glad they can divert themselves with what is both pretty, and of use, instead of doing mischief; for the little people must be doing, and if one can put them in the way of doing good, we shall all be glad of it afterward.

DIALOGUE XXVII.

THE DAIRY.

Nancy, Rose.

Nancy. What a pretty little place you have to keep your milk in! how clean it is! and truly a window like a dairy belonging to quality, with lattice!

Rose. You know we must let in air; and the cat would come in, if we hadn't this on the window.

Nancy. Weary cats they are[56]! not a day of her life but the cat is at my little pan of milk; and indeed the children dip their fingers in it; so that, though our cow is very good, the churning is small enough. Sometimes I lock up our milk and

butter in the cupboard, but it gets a *tack* there[sr], so I mostly keep it in the room window.

Rose. I would advise you to get a little place built up for your milk and butter; it will be worth your while to do it. When it's done, it won't be to do again; and your milk and butter will soon pay for it.

DIALOGUE XXVIII.

THE CUPBOARD.

Nancy, Rose.

Nancy. LET me peep in at your cupboard, that I may settle my own like it when I go home.

Rose. You are very welcome, Nancy, but there is not much to be seen in it.

Nancy. Why you have the very things you bought when you were married, that I got the same of; mine are gone long ago. But what's in all these paper bags hanging on these nails stuck in the inside of the cupboard door?

Rose. One has camomile flowers; another has red rose leaves; that has

sage leaves; and this marigolds; and that other one elder flowers.

Nancy. And what do you do with them all?

Rose. Camomile tea is a fine thing for a weakly person to take a cup of, cold, in the morning; and red rose tea, for a sore throat. You know it is not easy always to get sage in winter, for hogs puddings; and marigolds are good on a sup of broth; and elder flowers make a fine cooling stupe.

Nancy. And what's in the *cruskeens*[52], with paper tied so carefully over them?

Rose. Different things; one has tar and sheep's suet, for sores; another, ointment of marshmallows, for pains; and that, ointment of roses, for blisters with the sun, or when the children get a fall; and—

Nancy. I have heard enough of your ointments—one would think

you kept an apothecary's shop; sure you can't want all these things!

Rose. No, we seldom want them; but one likes to have them, and not be going to the quality houses to look for every thing; and it is pleasant to have it in one's power to oblige a neighbour.

Nancy. I wonder you take up your time picking these flowers.

Rose. I set the children to pick them; they may as well do that as other things. I keep them doing something.

Nancy. Now I think of it, may be you might have a bit of drawing plaster.

Rose. I have, at your service.

Nancy. Long life to you, after all! you're as good in the neighbourhood as many a lady. Is it possible that you made this plaster yourself!

Rose. O yes. I melt a little bees wax and hog's lard together, and put

in a little honey, or turpentine, if I have it convenient; and it makes a very good plaster.

Nancy. I thought you sold your honey and wax.

Rose. Not all. I keep some for my own use.

Nancy. Sure the children would gobble up the honey!

Rose. I take care that they shan't. I keep it for a medicine; there's never a finer thing for the little coughs children often have, than a little honey and water, and a sprig of rosemary, boiled together; take out the sprig, skim it, and put a little vinegar to it, and give a teaspoonful now and then. And if you want to give rhubarb, or any powders to a child, it is so easy given mixed in honey; and for a burn, or a scald, it is very good.

Nancy. But where do you get hog's lard?

Rose. We kill a pig every winter, and I render some of the leaf lard to lay by, and some I put in my hog's puddings. The readyings I render too; that does for my ointments, and such like. The best lard does instead of butter in many ways, and saves the butter in the dear time.

Nancy. Don't you season your lard?

Rose. No. I render it into a clean crock, and cover it from the dust; and it keeps longer than if it was seasoned. A little of it in caulcannon is very good[53]; and I could not tell you all the advantage I find in having it by me.

DIALOGUE XXIX.

COOKERY[54].

Rose, Nancy.

Rose. I HAVE been told how to make several good dishes, by a charitable lady, who sometimes calls, and sits awhile in our cabin; so we can have the taste of meat oftener than we used, and at less cost; I like you should know them too.

Nancy. I'm obliged to you. I hope they're not troublesome.

Rose. One is about a pound of beef, a couple of onions, four or five turnips, about a quarter of a pound of rice, some parsley, thyme, and savory, pepper, and salt. Cut the beef in slices, and put all together down in a gallon of water; and when it

has boiled awhile take up the beef, and cut it smaller. In all it takes about two hours to boil, on a slow fire. You may put a little oatmeal and potatoes to it.

Nancy. I believe it would eat well. What else did she tell you?

Rose. She bid me make another dish this way. Half a pound of beef, mutton, or pork, cut into small slices, half a pint of pease, four turnips sliced, six potatoes, cut very small, two onions, and seven pints of water. Boil that very slow, for two hours and a half. Then thicken it with a quarter of a pound of oatmeal; and boil it a quarter of an hour longer, stirring it all the time; then season it with pepper and salt.

Nancy. Sure one might as well make broth of the meat.

Rose. How little a sup of broth could you make of half a pound of meat? But managing this way, gives

the family a fine dinner. The Lady told me how to make a haggis too.

Nancy. What's that?

Rose. A special good dish, the Scotch are very fond of. You must clean the stomach of a sheep thoroughly; parboil the pluck; grate half the liver, half the liver is enough to put in; mince the pluck small, with three quarters of a pound of suet. Boil a few onions for five minutes, then shred them small, and mix them and two handfuls of oatmeal, well dried, with the meat, and season it with pepper and salt. Put all into the sheep's stomach, with one quart of the water in which the pluck was boiled. Sew it up close, and put it on the fire in a pot of cold water. But you must often pierce it with a bodkin, or large needle, or it will be apt to burst. It takes two hours boiling.

Nancy. Now and then I get a

sheep's head, and pluck; I boil the pluck, then mince it small, and thicken some of the broth it was boiled in, with flour and butter; season it, and put the hash in it; but I am so hobbled for want of another pot, that I can't have it as comfortable, and as hot, as it has a right to be.

Rose. Do get a pot at the next fair; and till you do, I'll lend you one of mine, that you may have your bit hot. That is a good dish you have mentioned, but the haggis goes farther, and you have the head for broth.

Nancy. I'm greatly obliged to you; and I'll take care of your pot, and put it out of the way of the pig.

Rose. O do, Nancy; and now try one of those dishes soon. You can't think how good they are.

Nancy. I will indeed. Well! you would live where another would starve!

DIALOGUE XXX.

FALSE REPORT, AND SLANDER.

Nancy, Rose.

Nancy. My dear gossip, Rose, we live in a horrid bad neighbourhood; for my part I wish I was a hundred miles off, so I was near you.

Rose. What ails you at the neighbourhood? I never heard you fault it before.

Nancy. One can't say a word but it must be come over again and again, and harm made of it;—I am sure I meant no harm, and yet only for a little silly talk, I am brought into such trouble, that I don't know what will be the end of it.

Rose. I don't understand you.

Nancy. Did not you hear of the summons that was sent me?

Rose. Indeed, I did not hear one word about it.

Nancy. O no, you hear nothing, for you never sit half an hour in a neighbour's cabin, barring they are sick. If you were a little more like other people, you might take my part now.

Rose. Really I have so much to do, that I cannot go to ask my neighbours how they are, as often, may be, as I ought; but when I know they are well, I don't think it signifies, for they know I am busy, and that I wish them well. But how can my going out be of use to you?

Nancy. Because you would have heard the report of Kitty Costello, and you could say it was not I invented it, and you would be believed.

Rose. I never heard a report of

the girl, and I hope no one invented any thing bad of her, for she did not deserve it.

Nancy. I am sure I have no spite to Kitty, and it is only a little chat over Noragh Carty's fire, that has made all this rout and botheration. Kitty came home, you know, last Candlemas, to see her people, from her service.

Rose. I know she did, and a good clever girl she was, only a little too dressy.

Nancy. Ay, that was the thing, and among the rest of her fine clothes she had a shawl, a very pretty straw colour, with a crimson border; and she had a nice gingham wrapper, which we thought could not be got under three and sixpence a yard. Now these two things in particular set the neighbours a talking; for Miss Neale had four shawls stole out of her shop the fair day, a little be-

fore Kitty came; and we thought they were just the pattern of hers. Kitty, to be sure, was not here at the fair, nor if she was, we would not say she stole it; but there was a dealing woman from her place at the fair, and in the shop. I never heard that Miss Neale suspected her; but who ever heard Miss Neale lay a hard word on any one? And we were all so sorry for her loss, that when we saw the shawl on Kitty, we were sure the dealer gave her a bargain of it, after stealing it from Miss Neale.

Rose. Sure you could not say the woman stole it!

Nancy. No, but we were sure and certain it was one of those shawls was upon Kitty;—well, but that was not Kitty's fault;—but one thing brought on another; and there was the fine wrapper! we were sure that belonged to one of the young ladies at Mount Lofty, and that Kitty had

taken it unknown to her, just to cut a dash among her old neighbours, and that she would wash it, and lay it by, for certain; but we thought she should not meddle with her young ladies clothes, abusing, and wearing them out.

Rose. If she did that, she was not an honest servant. And why should you think she would do such a wrong thing? why would you take away the character of a poor girl, that was earning her bread? you don't know but her lady gave the wrapper to Kitty.

Nancy. We thought it was too good to give away, for it had not a brack in it. But I wish we had let her, and her shawl, and her wrapper alone! And yet why should all this trouble fall upon me? I did not invent lies of Kitty; I just mentioned our remarks to Biddy Walsh, and one or two more, that had a great

regard for her, and so have we all".
Now a summons is come for me, to go before Captain Myers, to prove what I said against the dealing woman and Kitty. Tim is going mad with me; and Miss Neale sent for me, and asked me why I made use of her name, or why I said that the dealing woman stole her shawls? I said it was because I was her well-wisher, and could not bear to see her wronged. Upon that, she desired me never to meddle with her business again. She believed the woman was very honest; and she had been a good customer, and now she did not know would she ever come into her shop again, after such a report being raised. She told me that the shawls were quite a different pattern and price from Kitty's. And she asked me how I would like, when I was a young girl at service, and came to see my people, to be

torn to pieces, this way, by my old neighbours? And she said it would have been kinder, if we thought the girl was wearing her lady's clothes, to ask her about it, and advise her against the like, in a private way, than to make a talk of it; but Kitty had been at her shop, trying to match the gingham, to make it up again, for the body and sleeves were greatly worn, though, being a well handed girl, she had patched it neatly; and she told Miss Neale, that her young lady had made her a present of it, that she need not buy a gown to come home in, but bring a little money to her mother.

Rose. Well, dear Nancy, I hope this will be a warning to you. I am sure none of you would wish to do Kitty any harm; you know her character is her fortune; nor to hurt the poor dealing woman, who travels far and near, many a weary journey,

carrying a heavy pack, to maintain her fatherless children in honesty, and a little decency. And sure if the greatest lord or lady in the land lose their character, who cares a pin about them after? and to a poor body who has nothing else to depend on, it is the cruellest thing to take theirs away. However, don't fret, Nancy, no one that knows you thinks you have a bad heart; so I hope you will get off better than you expect; and do call and tell me as you are coming back.

DIALOGUE XXXI.

WISE RECOLLECTIONS.

Rose, Nancy.

Rose. I AM glad to see you come back with such a pleasant countenance; but how did you come off? for though I would not say so to you before you went, I hear the Captain is a very strict man, and says that tongues must be punished, that make too free with their neighbours, as well as hands.

Nancy. O, it is I that was all of a tremble when the time came for me to go, and sure enough I got such a fright, that I hope I will never be in such a scrape again. I thought if this had not happened, or if it could

be undone, that I would be the happiest creature on Earth.

Rose. I long to know how it ended; do tell me!

Nancy. My good Tim! O, sure I will always strive to do well for him and for his children!—my good Tim, though he was mad with me at first, when the summons came, yet he went every foot of the way to Kitty, and the dealer, and he spoke so sensibly to them, and made so many apologies, and was so civil, that he got them to make it up. Poor Kitty readily passed it over; but the dealer was very stiff for a long time, and, as Tim said, it was no wonder she should. So when we went to Captain Myers, we told him it was made up; and the good gentleman advised me a great deal, and sent me home again.

Rose. I am rejoiced it is so well over.

Nancy. Ah, it is you, Rose; that never lets your tongue bring you into trouble! and though every neighbour in the parish would tell their troubles to you, and their secrets, if you had time to hear them, and though you might make a great deal of mischief, if you had a mind, yet no one can ever say you carried a story from one to another.

Rose. I am sure I deserve no praise for not being a mischiefmaker. And, indeed, though I would not be unmannerly, I had rather my neighbours would not tell me their troubles, except I could do them good; and I never desire to hear a secret.

Nancy. It's what I wonder at, Rose, that you hear so little of what is doing about you, that Stephen Byrne was buying the wedding clothes, before you knew he was courting Betty Cranny; and Winny

Ryan's plaid calico was almost worn out, before you ever took notice of it.

Rose. Stephen was no great acquaintance of mine, and I only knew Betty by eyesight, so that if I heard of their courting, I forgot it. And what was Winny's plaid calico to me? I have a great deal to think of about my own little family, and I am not so quick at hearing news, nor so sharp in minding what people have on them, as many are.

Nancy. Yet, for all that, you are a good warrant to take notice of any tidy contrivance in a house[56], and of the best way of cutting out a gown, or a little boy's trowsers, or any thing in that line. And you can remember your mother's stories about the good old people well enough, and the way people took to keep a house over their heads in honesty, when they were struggling with the world.

Ay, and you were sharp enough, though an innocent young girl, when Terry Magrath would fain keep company with you, and sent you fine messages, and begged to say one word to you; but you would not hearken to him at all, at all; and when we told you he could do no harm by speaking to you, you made answer, that Terry knew your mind well enough, and that when a girl did not intend to accept a young man, she had no right to keep him company.

Rose. O, Nancy, I was afraid to depend upon myself; and I did not know how his fine speeches might work upon me.

Nancy. Sure you did not like a bone in Terry Magrath's skin; and none of your friends liked him for you either.

Rose. For all that, one cannot be sure of escaping danger, except by

not going in the way of it; and I had the example before my eyes of poor Susy Gallagher, that married Kit Owens, that she hated of all men living, till she was such a fool as to hearken to his nonsense; and then she grew all as fond of him, and run off with him, in spite of father or mother; and indeed she had better have staid at home.

Nancy. Well, you always took notice of what was worth minding, and of nothing else; and how soon you got in the way of making the good dishes you heard of. I'll go this minute, and make one of your stews for Tim's dinner.

DIALOGUE XXXII.

COOKERY.

Nancy, Rose.

Nancy. We are just after dining off the nice stew that you showed me how to make; and now can you tell me any thing else, for I am so light and happy, after rising out of that scrape, and so thankful to Tim, that I can do any thing now.

Rose. Well, Nancy, these pease that you think so little about, make a fine dish, when they are too old for boiling.

Nancy. I thought pease were never fit to eat after they were turning their colour.

Rose. Then I assure you they

are. Take two quarts of old pease, and stew them in four quarts of water, on a slow fire, for two hours. Take them up then, and put to them a little pepper, salt, and onion; and also throw in bits of meat, either fresh or salt; if you have not meat, a little butter rolled in flour, or nice lard will do instead. Then stew half an hour longer. It is very good; and then you have it when the new potatoes are scarce; for you know one don't like to run over the ridge too fast, but to spare them to grow as long as one can. There is also another way of dressing pease and beans when they are old; first, by soaking in water for twenty four hours; then put them into a jug, or pitcher, which will hold them, and hold a bit of fat bacon too, or a pig's foot, taken out of the pickle, with the salt sticking to it. The meat is put at top, and a piece of greasy

brown paper tied over the pitcher. At night, put it on the hearth, and turn a pot over it; or, put it in a pot, and leave in the fire, and hang it high over the fire. In the morning it is sufficiently done; and keep it on the hearth, hot, till dinner, when the meat will be tender, and the juice got among the pease and beans: then it is eat with spoons. The common gray pease, and the small horse beans, are what answer best for this dish; some put a few leeks, or onions cut small, and a little pepper, into the pitcher, before it is baked. And I find great use in my French beans, which you thought I was very conceited for sowing in my little garden. Instead of eating them as the quality do, pods and all, when they are young, and but an insipid dish, I let them grow till the beans are ripe, then shell them, and lay them by. They are very good and

nourishing, particularly when you're nursing, boiled with a bit of butter, or lard, and some herbs chopped through it, or even without the herbs; and they are very nice under a bit of bacon, and will keep all the winter. I learned this of Mr. Browne's French cook.

Nancy. Ay, Rose, you are always ready and willing to learn, and managing and saving every thing; and yet you are not stingy, but you are a good warrant to share with a neighbour, or give a bit to a poor traveller.

Rose. It's by saving, and not wasting any thing, that poor people are able to share their bit with a friend, or with a poor fellow-creature. There's a fine way of making soup, and I believe next winter, when I can get a beef's head, I'll make it of a Saturday, and sell to the neighbours. A pint of it, and

a bit of meat, will give a man his dinner.

Nancy. Do, Rose, dear, I am sure Tim will be glad to buy it; and then I need not be slaving myself of a Sunday, dressing his dinner.

Rose. I'll tell you how to make it, whether you will buy it or not. It's half a beef's head put down in about twenty gallons of water, with half a stone of potatoes, a good handful of onions, and pepper, and salt, with any gardenstuff you like, or can get. This is boiled till about one third is boiled away, and then you have your comfortable soup.

Nancy. But where will you get a pot to boil so much in?

Rose. My big pot, that I boil my linen and my yarn in, I believe, will do; it will be good use to put it to in the winter. If I had not that, I could begin on a less quantity, in a smaller pot, till my soup would earn

a big one for me". There's a way of dressing herrings too, that gives a little variety on a fast day, and makes them go farther.

Nancy. How is that?

Rose. Put three salt herrings in a pipkin, fill it with sliced potatoes, and a little water. Put it on a griddle, and turn a pot over it, and bake it that way; or, I believe, putting it on the warm hearth, when the ashes are swept out of the way, and covering it with the pot, will do. When I happen to have a bit of fresh meat, I put the bones into a dish, with some potatoes peeled, or the skin grated off, and put plenty of water, the potatoes take so much; I make a crust with hog's lard, for it makes it better than butter, put it over the bones and potatoes, bake it under the pot, and you can't think how nice a pie it is.

DIALOGUE XXXIII.

THE ROOM.

Nancy, Rose.

Nancy. I see you have finished your new room, Rose! it looks very well; and these curtains, that you spun last winter, are very nice. Was it yourself dyed them that pretty green?

Rose. It was. Indeed I might have coloured them cheaper, but as the stuff was good, and I hope my children will have them after me, I laid out a little more than may be a poor body ought, to make them look well.

Nancy. How did you dye them?

Rose. I put one ounce of indigo,

ground fine, to one pound of oil of vitriol, by little and little, constantly stirring it with a stick, and let it stand two or three days. Then I had five pounds of fustick boiled for two hours, in ten gallons of water. I mixed the vitriol and Indigo in that, stirring it well over the fire, and adding as much water as the stuff I wanted to dye could be cleverly boiled in, and when it was a smart heat, put it in.

Nancy.. Well, I never trouble myself with curtains. We lie very snug in the chimney corner in winter: in summer that's too warm, and we lie in *the room;* but the straw grows damp and fusty; and Tim threatens[58] to get a bedstead for ourselves, and another for the children.

Rose. Do get them as soon as you can, it will be a great deal more comfortable, and more wholesome;

your little bed clothes must be rotted, and you will have to get new ones the sooner. But, be sure, Nancy, spread lime on the floor, under your straw, it will help to keep the damp from you; and change your straw often; and when you have a bedstead, sew up a coarse ticken, or something that way, to hold the straw, and keep it tidy; and empty it often, and fill it with fresh straw; and spread lime on the floor, under the bedstead, to prevent the damp from rising up to you. I wish your windows opened.

Nancy. I did not care if they did. What bag is that, hanging beside the chest?

Rose. That is my rag bag. I put all the parings of my work, and all the rags that are good for nothing into it; and then when Thady the ragman comes, he gives me pins and needles

for them; so that I never want to buy any.

Nancy. Well, I never would remember to put rags into a bag; I sweep them into the fire.

Rose. That's a pity. It's better not to waste any thing.

Nancy. Indeed, Rose, I might be jealous of you, only you are so good a neighbour; and though your own place is so clean, you never turn up your nose at other people's cabins, nor make remarks; and then it's you that makes the nice sup of gruel[59] or whey, not a taste smoked, for a sick body; and makes nice broth for them, when the quality sends them a bit of fresh meat; and you are ready to sit up with a neighbour, or to help one to cut out and contrive.

Rose. I only strive to do what one neighbour should do for ano-

ther, and my neighbours are all kind to me.

Nancy. They all love you, Rose; but it is little some of them can do for themselves, let alone for any body else.

DIALOGUE XXXIV.

STARCH.

Nancy, Rose.

Nancy. It's what I turned back for, to ask you what was that white thing in the big pewter dish, in the garden?

Rose. Potato starch.

Nancy. Potato starch! why I was told that it rotted the clothes, and spoiled the colour of them; but your clothes are always white and whole.

Rose. Never believe any one that tells you that; for there is no better starch than potato starch, and it goes a great deal farther than the other.

Nancy. Do you tell me so? how is it made?

Rose. First, we must have a large grater. Jem made me this out of an old saucepan; he punched holes in it, and nailed it on a board, shaping that handle for me to hold it by.

Nancy. I don't doubt but Tim could make the like, but I have no saucepan, old or new.

Rose. Suppose you bought half a sheet of tin, I think you might have the grater for about a shilling; but if it was more, it's worth going to a little expense for a great saving. When the potatoes are grown to their full size, just after the digging out, is the time to make the starch. Wash them clean, grate them into a tub of water. Strain them through a sieve, and then through a strainer cloth, and then wash well what stays in the cloth; and let it stand till it settles at the bottom of the tub; pour off the water, and put on fresh, stirring up the starch from the bottom; and do this whenever you put

fresh water to it, which must be two or three times a day, still pouring the muddy water off. In a few days it will be sufficiently bleached; then drain the water from it, cut it out, and dry it in the sun.

Nancy. Ah, Rose, it is very troublesome! and a little starch does me, about a pennyworth a week.

Rose. Now, consider a little, Nancy, and reckon how much that is in the year.

Nancy. Rose, dear, I hate reckoning; reckon for me, for it's you that can do it.

Rose. I am often obliged to reckon, to try if both ends meet; for I have a mortal dread of going in debt. One penny a week, is four pence a month, and that is four shillings in the year; and four shillings is something to a poor body.

Nancy. Ay, indeed, it would stop a gap, if one had all together.

Rose. Now a stone of potatoes

seldom stands in more than three pence, or four pence at most. Two stone of good potatoes will generally make three pounds of starch. Our own potatoes don't stand us in so much as I mentioned; and considering how far it goes, I reckon the potato starch at two pence a pound; so you see there is a considerable saving.

Nancy. But you don't reckon all the time that is taken in making it.

Rose. Nor you don't reckon all the time that is taken in going to the shop for a pennyworth of starch. So as to the time spent going for starch, and the time spent making starch, I believe it is six of one, and half a dozen of the other.

DIALOGUE XXXV.

WASHING.

Nancy, Rose.

Nancy. THAT blanket on the hedge is very white. Is it a new one?

Rose. No, I have it these six years, in almost constant wear; but I have just washed it.

Nancy. Then *you* wash your blankets!

Rose. To be sure I do.

Nancy. Well, every one is not so nice! and your linsey sheets look so white and so soft; sure they hide the dirt, you need not wash them so often.

Rose. Sure the dirt is in them,

even when it's hid; and fleas, and other odious creatures, get into them, and it's unwholesome to be dirty; and children get the itch when they are not kept clean, and big people too.

Nancy. How you talk, as if soap was not three pence the quarter!

Rose. You know, Nancy, when clothes are poisoned with dirt, they take more soap to wash them; and the rubbing them so much wears them out. It's better to wash often, and not let clothes get so dirty.

Nancy. O law! one can't be washing every minute!

Rose. Well, one must have a few changes, and then there need not be washing so often; and I find that rubbing soap on the dirtiest places, and then steeping the clothes in soft water all night, makes them easier washed; for a great deal of the dirt

comes out when they are wrung out of the water.

Nancy. But every one is not so particular as you; though I believe you save yourself trouble with your long look outs.

DIALOGUE XXXVI.

THE WEATHER.

Tim, Jem.

Tim. Good morrow, Jem.

Jem. Good morrow, kindly, Tim.

Tim. Do you think it will rain soon?

Jem. The swallows are flying low, it looks as if it would; but I hope it will keep up one week longer, or my little handful of oats will be lost; they are the crack of the country now, but if rain comes it would lodge them, and they would never rise.

Tim. Now I wish for rain of all things; the potatoes will be burnt up, and not worth a pin, if the dry weather holds much longer.

Jem. Well, Tim, we must only take the weather as it comes, and be satisfied with what is sent us; for you see the weather that would serve one, would hurt another; and it is well that we have not the ordering of such matters ourselves.

Tim. I have often wondered at people, who ought to know better, fretting, and finding fault with the weather; let it be what it will, they seem to think they could mend it. Dear help them! if they were mowing a heavy meadow, in a powerful hot summer's day, or making up a ditch under a cold rain, they might then fret at the weather; but it does not become poor people to fret.

Jem. Nor rich people neither; and it is a shame for them that can stay in the house from the sun and rain, to find fault with the weather; while the poor man must work, wet or dry, and dreads to stay one day

within, because he loses that day's hire, and is so much the poorer

Tim. It's well for you, Jem, that you are so handy with your hammer and nails, and can do so many turns while you are in the house. I think every poor man should learn to be so, and then he would know what to do with himself of a wet day. Though I am but a botch, I put up a cupboard for Nancy to keep her porringers in, for she vexes me so with leaving them about, that I am ready to throw them at her head; but Rose's cupboard, that you made for her, is a great deal better.

Jem. Why, Tim, I was always fond of such things, though it was my luck to be a labouring man; but, by not spending more than he earns, a labouring man may live as happy as a good tradesman.

DIALOGUE XXXVII.

STIRABOUT.

Nancy, Rose.

Nancy. I'LL thank you for a lock of meal[60]. I have not enough to thicken the stirabout.

Rose. You are very welcome to it, Nancy; but did any thing happen your meal, for you laid in more than we did?

Nancy. Indeed nothing happened, but what happens to all the victuals —it was eat—but I wonder what happened to yours, to last so long. Have you any knack of spinning it out?

Rose. I have a particular method of making stirabout.

Nancy. What's that, Rose? Myself thinks you have a knack at every thing.

Rose. To be sure. I let the water boil before I stir in e'er a grain; and when once it boils fast, I put in handful after handful, till I think there is near enough, stirring it very well all the time; then I lift the pot a hook or two higher, and cover it up for a good share of half an hour, very seldom stirring it.

Nancy. Sure it must be like paste. Tim likes the stirabout short.

Rose. Stay, Nancy, till I tell you. Just before I take off the pot, I stir in one handful, and it's good, wholesome, short stirabout, and not near so heating for the children, as when it does not get it's due of boiling, as well as more nourishing for Jem, besides making the meal go a great deal farther.

DIALOGUE XXXVIII.

FORECAST.

Nancy, Rose.

Nancy. How, in the name of wonder, do you keep such good clothes on yourself, and the children; and it is not Sunday you're drest, but every day?

Rose. We don't pretend to much dress; but we strive to be clean, indeed, and always to have a little change apiece.

Nancy. If all of us had one suit apiece, I'd be very proud; but, indeed, now the linen and every thing is so dear, I could not keep a *tack* upon the children, but for Mrs. Nesbitt[61]; and what the quality gives us, lasts no time.

Rose. For service they don't, but for a change for the small children they are very useful. However, if you take my advice, you'll always keep a bit of wool, and flax, spinning in the house, and according as it is ready, give it to the weaver; and you won't miss the price of it, as you do when you go to the shops; there's few poor men can get a new shirt now.

Nancy. It's no sign by Jem[62]; he can get it, and all your children too.

Rose. We made all that linen as I told you, and bleached it ourselves; it's not a good colour by the bought linen, but it is not a bad colour neither; and we have a piece in the loom now, and will have more yarn ready shortly.

Nancy. I tell you, Rose, we couldn't afford to buy the flax; it's hard enough to keep a bit in our mouths.

Rose. The times are very hard, sure enough; and only for our bit of land, we could not have the flax either.

Nancy. Some people have more luck than others.

Rose. We would not have such luck, only we waited till Jem could gather enough of his earnings to build this house, on this bit of land that he took; and to be sure many a one thought we'd never marry if we waited for that; but Jem was mighty industrious entirely, and was on his guard against spending, never wasted his time smoking, nor wore out his clothes fighting, or the like; so you'd wonder how soon he gathered something worth talking of.

Nancy. And did you gather nothing yourself?

Rose. I was at service, and my wages were not so high as to let me save much money; but, as I had a

liking for Jem all along, I still thought of making a little provision for housekeeping, and bought wool, and had it spun, and wove for blankets; *more times*[63] I bought flax, and got linen made; and whenever I had a bit of spare time, I was patching a quilt. I was saving a little clothes too; so that when we were married, I had plenty of linen, and woollen; and you may be sure it never went astray with us, either old or new. Jem, you know, had but middling health for a long time after his heavy sickness; and it would not answer us to be running to the shops, at every hand's turn, either for food or clothes.

Nancy. It's happy for you, Rose, and happy for your family, that you took such a sober turn early; for myself, I was always fond of a bit of dress, and Tim (though he is such a saving, steady man now,) loved com-

pany, though he was no drinker; but he, nor I either, were ever the people to have a thing, and want it. They were the pleasant times when we met at the dance, or when he used to treat me to the best he could lay his hands upon, and thought nothing was good enough for me.

Rose. I wonder he thought your cabin good enough for you!

Nancy. O, he was always used to the like of it, and so was I; but I wish it had been our *luck* to have had more *'cuteness* in time!

DIALOGUE XXXIX.

CONCORD.

Rose, and her daughter Betty.

Rose. My dear Betty, why are you always checking your brother Tommy when he comes in'? you'll make him hate to come near you. Indeed I fret a great deal about it.

Betty. Why, mother, Tommy never lets me alone; he's always finding fault with every thing I do, and making little of me.

Rose. And yet when you were sick, Tommy walked every foot to Carlow, to get the medicines the good Doctor ordered, that saved your life, I believe.

Betty. I know he did; and he's a good natured boy, but he thinks girls are no good.

Rose. You know people must 'praise the ford as they find it.' Now, if you were pleasant with Tommy, and did not take huff, but passed over what he said in a joke, he'd soon leave off teasing you; but while you go on scolding him, he'll be apt to think you are ill-humoured, and then, to be sure, he'll think *you* are no good.

Betty. No good! what do I mend his stockings, and knit them, and spin his shirts, and make and mend them for?

Rose. Betty, honey, we must help one another. You are a good working girl, and you do a deal for Tommy; then again, he plants potatoes, and digs them for you. Now I am always afraid, when I see a sister thwarting, and comparing with her

brother, that she'll make a cross husband of him, it makes him get into the way of being snappish. So Betty, do strive to alter, and let us have peace and quietness in the house.

DIALOGUE XL.

CONCORD.

Rose, and her son Tommy.

Rose. TOMMY, I am not pleased with you! You behave to your sister as if she was not good enough to wipe your shoes. What pleasure can she have in making and mending for you, and ironing your shirt so neatly for Sundays, when all the thanks she gets is snapping at her every now and then?

Tommy. O, Mother, Betty vexes me so when I come in, and think to sit down quietly: she has always something to find fault with.—I did not do this, and I did not do that.

If I was ever so pleasant, she teases me till she makes me cross.

Rose. Now, Tommy, consider, that whether she is old or young, a woman has a deal to do, and so many little things to think of, from morning till night, that she expects some patience from the men; they have but the one big thing to do, and to think of; and when the women are doing their best to have all right in the cabin, I must say it is a man's duty to try to be pleased with it, and to show that he is pleased, or he may spoil the best woman in the world, with always finding fault; for 'tread upon a worm, and it will turn.' So, Tommy, do strive to alter, and let us have peace and quietness in the house.

DIALOGUE XLI.

SPINNING-MATCH[65].

Rose, and her daughter Betty.

Rose. WELCOME, my dear Betty. I see by what you have brought with you, that you have won the premium for spinning, at Belmour Hall; and I am as rejoiced as you can be for your life. I wish your father was come in!

Betty. O, mother, how I'm obliged to you! and, Tommy, I'm obliged to you for carrying the wheel home for me. I hope I'll spin you a shirt on it.

Tommy. I don't doubt your goodness, Betty, and I am sorry ever I vexed you. If I could carry twenty

wheels, it would not be enough for what you do for me.

Rose. O, that's better than all the rest, to see my children love one another! Now Betty, let us hear all about the spinning-match.

Betty. I'm sure it was a fine sight, to see twenty wheels settled in the lawn, in a half round, all going at once. There was a table in the middle, that the spools were laid upon to be judged; and an active, sensible, knowing woman, sate by it to judge. The premiums were set out before us. First, there was this fine new cloak, and wheel, and rock of flax, and this cap hanging on the rock stick. The second was a wheel with it's rock of flax, a cap, and an apron. The third a wheel, rock of flax, cap, and shawl. The fourth a wheel, rock of flax, and cap. The fifth a wheel, rock of flax, and ribband; and that was the last.

Rose. And a great many; and enough to encourage all to take pains.

Betty. Mrs. Belmour herself came out, and walked round by the spinners, and spoke to every one there, so free, and so pleasant; and, O, how beautiful she looked, when she stood by Cicely Brennan, who is so lame of one hand, that she was almost afraid to venture at all, till Mrs. Belmour told her it was not who spun fastest, but who spun best, was to be looked to; and sure enough she got a premium. But when we had spun two hours, and laid our spools on the table, O, how our hearts beat! I know mine did, when Mrs. Belmour called us up; and I could not tell you how her fine black eyes danced in her head; and the tears stood in them for all that, and she smiled so sweetly, and looked as if she was the happiest creature in the world

Rose. O, Betty, I never wish to be rich, but when I see such ladies as her, that can make so many people happy, and are so willing to do it.

Betty. We stood before Mrs. Belmour, while the judge examined the thread; and when she called me to her, and gave me the wheel, and the cloak, and the cap, with her own hand, sure I did not know where I was standing, nor what I said! but I know she wished me joy, and bid me use my wheel well; and she was so pleased at every premium she gave! and she encouraged those that lost, and said they might win another time, that *they* seemed happy too, and all were pleasant and good humoured; and bowls of sillabub, and cakes, were handed round to us; and I hardly felt my feet coming home.

Rose. Well, my dear Betty, I

must wish you joy too, though I can't do it so genteely as Mrs. Belmour.

Betty. O, Mother, honey, I think more of your *commendation*, than the lady's itself, though she is so grand, and so beautiful, and so good; and it is you I am obliged to for my cloak, my wheel, and my cap. If you had not taught me to spin, and watched to make me spin an even thread, I might have come off with no premium, or have been ashamed to go at all.

DIALOGUE XLII.

COURTSHIP.

Rose, Mary.

Rose. Is it true, Mary, that you are going to be married?

Mary. It is true enough, neighbour Rose.

Rose. Consider, my good girl, what you are about! you are very young, and Mick Brady is very young, and you have time enough before you to marry.

Mary. O, but Mick and I love one another so well, and we will be so happy together!

Rose. Have you earned any thing, or has Mick?

Mary. Never a halfpenny, barring the money to marry us.

Rose. And how will you make out life?

Mary. Mick will get work, and I will spin, or do any thing I can; and we'll get a cabin, and Stephen Egan will give us three or four barrels of potatoes in score.

Rose. Now, Mary, do not think of beginning the world with going in debt; you don't know what may hinder you from paying, and then you will have it hanging over you; and honest people cannot be easy when they are in debt; or if they can, they may dread that they are losing, by little and little, their good principles.

Mary. Well, may be Mick can scrape up the price of the potatoes before we go to housekeeping.

Rose. May be in a little time he could scrape up something more; and till he does, I'd have you stay as you are.

Mary. Ah, Rose, you forget when you were young yourself!

Rose. No, Mary, honey, I do not; and I can feel for young creatures like you, that wish to spend their lives together; and I speak for your good, for fear that 'when poverty comes in at the door, love would fly out at the window.'

Mary. O, Rose, don't talk that way! Why should not poor people love one another, as well as if they were rich?

Rose. I'll tell you why. When they have nothing to the fore, but just striving to live, and can't get things comfortable about them, and their poor clothes wearing out, and may be two or three little creatures looking to them for bread, they are so distressed in their minds, that they can't be merry as they used to be, but one begins to fret, and then the other is vexed at that; and when

their good humour is gone, that is a reason for 'love to fly out of the window.'

Mary. Well, let what will come, love would never fly out of *our* window.

Rose. I'm sure I'd be glad how well young people loved one another, and old too, both before they are married, and after; but I am sure they will not love the less, for striving to save a little before they come together.

DIALOGUE XLIII.

COURTSHIP.

Mary, Rose.

Mary. Well, Rose, I have been thinking a great deal of what you said to me the other day.

Rose. I am glad of it, and I hope you will mind it.

Mary. Mick's a hard working boy, and a good *carner*.

Rose. Take care though, that when he works hard, with an uneasy mind, that his strength won't hold out, and that you don't lose him, as poor Christy Dugan was lost.

Mary. O, that would be terrible! What about Christy?

Rose. Christy Dugan was an ho-

nest, good boy, like Mick; and he, and Esther Cranny, married before they were twenty. They did well enough at first, just living from hand to mouth, but when the children came, Christy's earnings would not do, though Esther helped him all she could, and they were no spenders; but what could a poor thing do with a child in her arms, and two others daddling about? Well, they got provision on score; and to pay for these, Christy went in the season to mow, and do other hard work about Dublin, for high wages; and so he paid his debts honestly when he came home; and that's the way he got on, from one year to another; but the hard work was too much for him, he got a swelling in his knee, lingered several years under it, pined away, and died.

Mary. How did his poor wife do when he could not earn?

Rose. The Lord took pity upon them, and just then put them under one of the best ladies in the land, and she never let them want afterward; but nothing could give poor Christy his health again, and sure only for her they were all beggars!

Mary. But would you have me break off with Mick, and he and I so fond of one another since we were children?

Rose. Indeed, Mary, I would not! I would have you be constant, and loyal to one another[66], and earn all you can with honesty, for one another's sake, and mind your business.

Mary. Would not you let me keep company with Mick at all?

Rose. Let him come to see you on a Sunday, or a holiday, but always have your mother by; and don't go walking together by your two selves, it's not pretty, and it's making too little of a girl; and Mick will like

you the better for being reserved, and think the more of you after you are his wife.

Mary. Ah! but if he forsakes me, and fancies some one else!

Rose. If he does, he's not worth grieving for; but if he is a good, steady lad, you need not fear, except it is your own fault.

Mary. How my own fault?

Rose. By making your company too cheap to him, or keeping company, or flirting with other young men; then, indeed, I would not blame him, if he forsook you.

Mary. I can't but love and thank you, Rose, and I intend to mind what you say. I will work hard, and strive to save, and I am sure Mick will do the same; and when we have our things cozy about us, in a place of our own, we will think of your good advice, and bless you, Rose.

DIALOGUE XLIV.

STRAW-PLATTING.

Rose, Mary.

Rose. I AM glad, Mary, to see you look so well, and so contented. But why did not you come to see me before now? though you do live a few miles off, you are a good walker. Sure you were not affronted with the advice I gave you last Easter!

Mary. Affronted! no indeed! I will thank you for that advice the longest day I live[67]. Indeed it was ungrateful of me not to come before, to tell you how finely I was getting on, and all owing to your good advice, that settled my mind to business.

Rose. I am very glad to hear that. What kind of work are you doing?

Mary. O, the prettiest, the pleasantest that can be!—making straw plat. Good luck to the quality! though we are apt to think they don't care about us, yet when we consider all the schools they set a going, and all the industrious little things they put us in the way of doing, we feel that they are our best friends.

Rose. I am glad to hear you say that, for poor people often give themselves the way of scoffing at their grand neighbours, and grudging them their fine houses and clothes, while those very neighbours keep bread in theirs, and their children's mouths. But who taught you to plat?

Mary. A very good young lady, who, in a quiet, easy way, does all she can to help poor people, by

teaching, and giving them work to do. I thought, when she first offered to teach me to plat, that I could never learn; but she had patience, and put me in the way of it. And then I had something to think of, besides always pondering about Mick, and contriving in my mind how I should get a little to the fore. When I began to earn, I laid by my earnings, and took delight in platting, and learned to know what straw was best; and when I got enough to buy a splitter, I could take the work home; and besides doing a great deal of my plat, could help my mother in the cabin; and then, when I found I could save a little matter, without going to service, away from my mother and Mick, I was so happy!

Rose. I suppose that made you take to learning the work so soon.

Mary. No, indeed! my thought strayed away so to Mick, that I did not get on at first as I might, for it is not hard to learn, and you would wonder how soon little children learn it.

Rose. Why did not you let me know what you were about, by sending me a message?

Mary. I did not wish you to know it, till I could make a little bonnet for Winny; I have it here, in this handkerchief; I did it as well as I could, I wish it was better for your sake.

Rose. O, it is a beautiful little bonnet, fit for a gentleman's child! I am greatly obliged to you, and wish you success from my heart. I think you said children could plat; there is one who teaches it near this, and I would like to send Betty to learn, only I think bad of sparing

her when she can earn so little, for I suppose you wasted a great deal of time learning.

Mary. For the first three months, or so, it is true for you, I earned next to nothing, but I was eager to get over a good many yards, suppose they were not so well, because I would get more for them than for a little that was well done.

Rose. And didn't you work quick, that you might earn the more? some would think it better to do as much as they could, than to spend so much time to do it nice.

Mary. I thought so myself, but my mistress used many a time to say these very words to me—sure I remember them as well as if I heard them this morning, because she said them so often; 'Mary,' says she, 'don't stir your fingers so fast until 'you get into a good habit, and it's 'while you are a new beginner you

'can get into the right method; but 'if you get into a wrong one now, 'you won't find it easy to get the 'better of it; and if ever you do, it 'must be by taking pains all over 'again, and that will still delay you.' 'You see,' she would sometimes say, 'that Molly Casey earns a shilling a 'day, because her plat is so smooth, 'and close, and clean; yet when she 'was learning, she did not do more 'than a yard in a day. And there's 'Beck Timmins earns only three-'pence, or fourpence a day, because 'her work is scarcely fit to make up; 'yet she always did it extremely 'fast, but she won't take time to put 'in the right ends of the straw, nor 'to leave out the spotted ones; and 'she tosses her splints about in the 'dust, and then gathers them up, 'heads and points:' (splints are the split straws). 'But Molly Casey 'keeps her splints clean in her cloth,

'and all the white ends together, so 'that she has no trouble or delay look-'ing at them.' And sure enough, Rose, I soon found her words were true; for there's all the *differ* in the world[9] made between the good and the bad; and yet when we get into the good method at first, it comes so natural to us, that we get on as fast, or faster than the bad platters.

Rose. It's so with every thing that ever I saw any one put their hands to. 'Once well done, is twice done;' and, as you say, it comes natural to do every thing right, when we come used to it. I believe I'll send Betty to the platting school.

Mary. Do, Rose, for the more handiness the like of us can turn our hands to the better; they say the blind can plat, and you know the lame and helpless can; and there are few things one could earn so much at, without stirring about: but not

to mention the lame, and the blind, and the little children, you know it's often a poor woman can't leave the cabin with any safety or convenience, and if she had a bit of plat, she need not begrudge the time she sits quiet, and clean, and dry.

Rose. Say no more, Mary! I'll send Betty, and when Winny is a little bigger, she can learn from her; and if I can learn it, so much the better; for 'learning's light to carry about.'

DIALOGUE XLV.

COW-POCK.

Nancy, Rose.

Nancy. WHAT is the matter with little Winny's arm, that it is so swelled, and red?

Rose. Winny's in the cow-pock.

Nancy. Now, Rose, I wonder at you, to give your own christian child the disorder of a beast[70]!

Rose. Don't you know, Nancy, that she will never have the small-pox, after she has this? and she has this only on her arm, and in a few days she will be well. She was not much sick at all; and they never die of this pock. Sure it is the finest

thing in the world to escape that dreadful disorder, the small-pox; and we ought to pray day and night for the man that found out the cow-pock. I hope you will get your two youngest little boys done. Mr. Goodwill inoculated Winny with it, and he will do your children from her, I am sure. Shall I ask him? for the small-pox is all about the neighbourhood.

Nancy. O, no; I'll let them run their chance, and take a disorder from a christian, and not from a cow.

Rose. Nancy, dear, don't talk so silly. How glad poor Terry Hogan would be now, if he had travelled forty miles to have his two fine girls done, sooner than let them have taken that nasty small-pox; and now they lie in Killellan, by one another; and och, how all the neighbours

cried for the good girls, that kept their mother and them elves decent, with making listing-shoes. O, Nancy, don't be positive, but do your duty to your children, and save their lives if you can!

Nancy. I'll think of it; but sure there's no hurry.

Rose. Yes, but there is, though! In a little bit of time Winny's arm will be past taking it from; and may be there's no more in the country, and when you'd want to get it done you could not; and then you would be sorry, and never forgive yourself if any thing happened. Don't you know, that all that's said against the cow-pock now, was said against inoculation for the small pox, when it was first found out? yet even that was a great blessing, in comparison to taking it in the natural way. Believe what your true friend says, and

don't listen to the nonsense of people that never had a child in their lives, and don't care about the matter any farther than to have the pleasure of finding fault.

DIALOGUE XLVI.

SMALL-POX.

Rose, Nancy.

Rose. I'm sorry for your trouble, Nancy. How is little Tim?

Nancy. Bad enough! bad enough! and my fine little Pat!—O, Rose, Rose! I was bewitched not to take your advice. O, my little darling! I can do nothing for thinking of him; and I think I see his little curly head, and red cheeks, every hour in the day. O Rose, Rose! what shall I do"?

Rose. Ah, poor Nancy, I won't bid you not fret, for you can't but fret"! but consider the dear little

creature is better provided for, than you could provide for him; and let us see what can be done for little Tim. He has a great deal of the pock, to be sure, but I hope he'll get through. Do pull the hat out of the broken pane; and take off the blanket, and let him have but little over him.

Nancy. O sure he'll get his death of cold!

Rose. Never fear, the disorder will keep him warm enough; and give him as much two-milk whey as he will drink. What's that in the cup?

Nancy. A little liquor; old Katty bid me give them it now and then, with sugar in it, to keep the pock from their hearts. But it did Pat no good; indeed I thought he grew worse after every teaspoonful. But Katty said it would have cured him, only his time was come.

Rose. I wish you had not minded, Katty. Now get Mr. Goodwill to look at Tim, and he will tell you what to do; and I will stay with you, and sit up with Tim to night.

DIALOGUE XLVII.

POLITICKS.

Tim, Jem.

Jem. TIM, I don't see you so often as I used. Where do you keep yourself?

Tim. Why there's Vester Toole, and Paddy Moore, and Barny Walsh, and Bill Dunn, and two or three more, and I, that meet in the evenings, at the Big Tree, to talk over a little business, that we don't care any one should hear.

Jem. O, Tim, you frighten me! take care what you do. No good ever comes of such people as us having secrets.

Tim. Sure if we can't do good

ourselves, we know what's wanting to be done.

Jem. Ah now, Tim, don't be foolish! how should we know what is wanting to be done? It's fitter for us to mind our own little potato gardens, and to think ourselves well off that we can have them while we pay our rent; and while we behave ourselves well; no one dares meddle with us, not the king himself, as great a man as he is". When we mind our business, and are sober and honest, that is the way we can do good, and not by talking of what we don't understand.

Tim. What, because a man is poor, isn't he to understand politicks a little? O, if you heard Bill Dunn! it's he that knows what's what.

Jem. Never mind his talk! our betters do no good with their talking, and how can we? Let us remember the rebellion, and how many

poor people were deceived with fine talking, and lost their lives, and all that they had in the world; they thought they were doing great feats, when they were just made a cat's paw of by those that did not care a straw what became of them after. Do, Tim, go and spend your evenings at home with your family, as you used to do.

Tim. Ah, Jem, I never got up my heart since I lost little Pat, nor Nancy neither; and we argued too much with one another whose fault it was that he was not done with the cow-pock: and Nancy, to divert her trouble, took to the pipe, and would sit hour after hour in the ashes smoking. Then I used to make Honour clean up the place, that I might sit down comfortably; and when Nancy saw that the little girl was so handy, she goes herself to char at Mr. Nesbitt's; and now she

don't care to leave that good warm kitchen, though I am sure she works harder there than ever she did at home. I always loved to have Nancy at home before me, so I am lonesome; and to have a little pleasure, I went to hear Bill talk, and I had no harm in it, and for any thing that passed among us, I hope there will be no more of it; but I'll *rise* out of it, and go home, and mind the children, since they are left upon me to mind.

Jem. I would advise you not to be too severe on Nancy about smoking. It is reckoned good for the health, and reviving to the spirits, to smoke a little now and then; and the poor thing is low, and poorly often, I believe, since she lost her little boy.

Tim. I do not say against a little smoking for refreshment, but to look for comfort in any such thing is not

right; it takes the mind from looking to Providence as much as we ought, and lets it settle too much in those things. Now Nancy is never willing to quit the pipe, but carries it in her mouth going about, which you know is a dangerous thing; and it must waste her strength to smoke so constantly, besides the money and the time that it wastes.

Jem. I believe you are right in that; but you might quietly, and by little and little, wean her from the constant use of tobacco.

Tim. Ah, so I might, if she would keep at home! but that's another thing she looks for comfort in, going from her own house; and sure if we are not happy at home, we can be happy no where else. It's a great trouble to me, and I am afraid I shall not have much more satisfaction in this world; so much depends on the woman, to make a man's little place

comfortable to him, that when she leaves that to chance, and considers only what is agreeable to herself, nothing goes on right as it should do.

DIALOGUE XLVIII.

CHARRING.

Rose, Nancy.

Rose. Did I say or do any thing to offend you, Nancy, that you never come near me now? Though you have removed to the other side of the hill, you might come over to see one.

Nancy. No, Rose, you never did or said any thing to offend me, nor any one else, I believe; but I have not time to go so far.

Rose. I thought you would have more time, now that Honour's grown so big, and able to help you.

Nancy. She is able to do so much, and does so well, that I go now to

char at Mr. Nesbitt's. Why do you look so wonderful[74]? Am not I well off?

Rose. Why, all I can say is, that I would not like it. How can you be easy in your mind to leave your cabin, and your family, trusting to a little girl, and poor Tim not to find you at home; only he's such a sober man, it might drive him to the ale-house.

Nancy. O, Rose, I make my family the better for it! Many's the good bit I bring home, and the fine ends of candles, and lumps of soap, and grease to dip my rushes, and sometimes a bit of tea and sugar.

Rose. Does Mrs. Nesbitt give you all that?

Nancy. No, no, Mrs. Nesbitt knows nothing about it; but such things are not missed out of a big house, and I may as well get them as another.

Rose. Nancy, dear, think of what

you are about; sure that is not honest!

Nancy. No one can say, that I am not an honest woman. I found a note for five pounds, trod into the grass, just outside the sash door: I knew it was money, and I took it to Mrs. Nesbitt; and it happened to be a gentleman's that had dined there the day before, and he gave me a dollar for my honesty. The servants laughed at me, and said I might as well have kept the note; but I would not keep it, and I was on thorns till I got it safe out of my hands: it would never thrive with me. Roguery never thrives.

Rose. And yet you bring things out of the house!

Nancy. I'll never deny it. I think it is no roguery to take a bit of victuals, or a few sods of turf".

Rose. And yet the bit of victuals, and the sods of turf, continually

going, might do more harm to a gentleman's substance, than losing five pounds now and then. I believe people are often made poor by such doings, and those who take them not a bit the better; for 'honesty is the best policy,' if there was no other world but this; but, dear Nancy, when we consider that we must not live here always, how watchful should it make us not to do wrong, that we may find mercy at the last hour.

DIALOGUE XLIX.

CHARRING.

Rose, Nancy.

Rose. I just came to you, Nancy, to talk over what we were speaking of the other day between ourselves.

Nancy. About my charring at Mr. Nesbitt's, I suppose.

Rose. Yes, I came to advise you against it; and I'm afraid you'll find it a wo day, when you first set foot in that house.

Nancy. Why so? Mr. and Mrs. Nesbitt are very good people, and have very good children.

Rose. I know that; and I am sure, if they looked into it, they would not think well of your leaving your

own cabin to work for their servants, that have time enough to do more than they have to do, where there's so many of them, while your poor Honour is slaving at home.

Nancy. I thought you liked to set children to work when they are young. Your Betty has been in the way of doing a deal this long time.

Rose. I do like to have children set to work by their mother, and under her eye, that can put them to what's proper for them to do; but when they are left to themselves, if they are children given to work, they will often strive to reach at more than they can do, and that frets them, and spoils their tempers, and makes them cross to the younger children; then if they are fond of play, they will leave all at sixes and sevens, to go and romp about. Now I think Honour is a good little girl, but she can't be expected to have

the thought of an old body; for there is to clean the children, and mend their little clothes, for they want watching, or they go in a hurry.

Nancy. I strive to do a little at them when I come in, when I'm not too much tired.

Rose. But what I think worst of than all is, what you told me of bringing things home from the big house. Sure Tim can't be satisfied at that!

Nancy. I take care Tim don't know but that they are given to me, and I make the children promise not to tell.

Rose. Oh, worst of all! will you make your children liars, to hide your being a——to hide your taking what's not your own?

Nancy. I know what you were going to call me, and I would not put up with it from another; but

you are always so loth to vex one, and seem as if it hurted you to say any thing sharp, more than those you said it to, that I can't be angry with you.

Rose. Then, dear Nancy, be advised. Stay at home with your family; keep them together, and whole, and clean; set them a good example, they will love you, and your delight will be in them; and you will rather eat a dry potato with them, than roast beef any where else.

DIALOGUE L.

THE FIRE[76].

Rose, and her daughter Betty.

Rose. What's the matter, Betty, you look as if you were frightened?

Betty. O, mother, a terrible thing has happened, and poor Nancy Cassidy is ruined for good and all!

Rose. O, tell me what it is!

Betty. There's Mr. Nesbitt's place all in a blaze; they say all his fine horses are burnt to death; and oh, Mother, they say one of the fine little children is burnt to death too!

Rose. Oh, Betty, don't say so!

Betty. And all by Nancy's means, but I could not well know how. Here's Tommy!——Were you at the fire, Tommy? Is any thing saved?

Tommy. O yes! but a great deal of mischief is done; a stable is burnt, and the fine large turf-house, and all the turf; but the dwelling house is safe, and all the horses are got out of the stable.

Rose. And the child, Tommy,—Oh, the child!

Tommy. There was no child near it.

Betty. They said one of the children, and all the horses were burnt!

Tommy. Make yourselves easy, no child was hurt, nor so much as a dog lost it's life. But you never saw how poor Tim Cassidy worked, and what danger he run into! Every one helped, but none like Tim, and indeed no one had so good a right.

Rose. Why so?

Tommy. It was Nancy set the place on fire with her nasty pipe, that she never lets out of her mouth. She went for turf, and a coal fell from her pipe unknown to her, and

the turf being dry, and the weather hot, it kindled; and in two or three hours, the fire blazed out at the top of the house, through the thatch; and then poor Nancy roared, and screeched, and cursed her pipe.

Rose: Well she might, poor creature! Oh, children, let this be a warning to you never to touch a pipe!

DIALOGUE LI.

THE FEVER[77].

Rose, Nancy.

Rose. WHY would not you send for me, Nancy, when your poor man took ill first? Sure you know I would do all in my power for you or him!

Nancy. Oh, sure I would have sent for you, but I thought every day that he would be well directly; and Dick Fahy the horse doctor bled him, and said he would be able to work in a day or two.

Rose. Who bid you get him bled?

Nancy. Several said it would do him good; and he never was bled before; and you know it's said that

the first time one is bled, it will cure the disorder, let it be what it will.

Rose. That's all nonsense, for there are many disorders that bleeding is poison for; and it's a nice thing to know when to bleed. And sure it has not cured Tim!

Nancy. Oh, no! he's worse ever since: and Madge Doran bid me give him warm ale, with a little liquor in it, to *rise* his heart.

Rose. I'd be afraid to give him hot things: and why have you such a load of clothes upon him? I think you keep him too hot.

Nancy. Madge bid me sweat him of all things, and that it would throw off the disorder; and he sweated, but it has not given him a cool yet.

Rose. Now, Nancy, a sweat often comes on at the turn of a sickness, and carries it off, but I question it is good at the beginning; and I believe the fresh air, and light drinks, such

as whey, apple tea, and the like, would be better for him than stewing him this way, for I think he has a fever.

Nancy. Ay, so the neighbours think now; and though they were very good to us at first, and you could hardly turn round you, the room was so full, and they talked to him, and strove to keep up his spirits, yet now the name of a fever has frightened them all away, and no one comes near me, and I sit crying over him from morning till night.

Rose. Nancy, my dear Nancy, don't do that! if you make him low spirited you'll kill him. When Jem was in the fever the doctor charged me never to let him see me cry; and I always strove to look pleasant, and speak cheerful, though my heart was breaking at the same time.

Nancy. Oh, Rose, I could not do

that; but I suppose the neighbours did not leave you to yourself.

Rose. Indeed they did, as you may remember; and no blame to poor people to be afraid of a fever; and I was glad that they staid away, for nothing can be worse for a sick body, than to have many people about him; they hinder the fresh air from coming to him; and the noise, and talking to him, and making him talk, I believe has killed many a one.

Nancy. What will become of me if my poor Tim dies?—the father of my children!

Rose. Did you go to Mr. Goodwill about him?

Nancy. I did not. I thought Dick, and Madge, and several of the neighbours were so skilful, that I need not go farther; and I was ashamed, besides, to go to Mr. Goodwill, because I never went to return

him thanks after little Tim recovered of the small-pox, after his being so kind in coming to see him every day, and sending him nourishment to rear him out of it, and taking the pearl off his eye.

Rose. And why didn't you? Sure the least you could do, was to thank the good gentleman.

Nancy. Indeed it was not my heart that hindered me, and many's the prayer I prayed for him, but I had not time.

Rose. Oh, Nancy, you had time for smoking! but I don't want to fret you. Go to him now.

Nancy. Oh, Rose, I'm ashamed! and he'll think me so ungrateful, he'll do nothing for us.

Rose. If you knew Mr. Goodwill, you would not talk that way. It's no matter to him whether people are ungrateful or not; he could not sleep easy on his bed at night, if

he thought he could do good to any one, poor or rich, and did not do it. Do you think that such a fine gentleman, so finely learned, and bred as he is, by all accounts, that refuses invitations from the greatest of quality, to go among the poor people, spending his time and his money to cure them, and to help them every way, do you think that he looks to them for a reward? No, no, it's what he looks for, the pleasure of doing all the good he can in this world, and the everlasting happiness of the next.

Nancy. Well, I'll go to him; but I know he won't be at home till evening, for blind Dolly was with him, and I heard her saying he was going this morning to see a poor family that were all down in the fever, at the glen of Imaul.

Rose. At any rate open the door, and let in the air at the window;

and when Tim wakens, lighten the clothes by degrees; and do you air a clean shirt to put on him.

Nancy. Madge charged me not to put fresh linen on him, for it would give him cold.

Rose. Not at all: when it is thoroughly aired, it refreshes a sick person, and helps to carry off the weight of sickness; then throw what you take off into a tub of cold water, till it can be washed, for that hinders the disorder spreading.

Nancy. What little I took off him, I put in the cupboard under the dresser.

Rose. Ah, Nancy, take them out of that directly! It makes my flesh creep when I think of what happened by that very thing.

Nancy. What happened?

Rose. When I lived servant in the Queen's county, there were two as good young men, and as clean,

clever, likely boys as you could see in a summer's day, bought a dresser in a house where the fever had been, and carried it home between them. The sick people's clothes had been thrust into the cupboard of the dresser, and had left the venom of the sickness in it; and these two young men, and their brother, and two sisters, all the family, except the poor old mother, were lying on the broad of their backs, in the same fever, a few days after they brought the unfortunate dresser home; and the two eldest brothers, and their beautiful young sister, were all whipped off in ten days time; and to be sure you would hardly see a smile on any one's face about the neighbourhood, it shocked us all so!

Nancy. Honour, Honour, get a tub of water directly!

Rose. Now, Nancy, send your little children to our cabin, and Betty

will take care of them; and Honour will do all the turns here, and you and I will attend Tim; and we'll get a bottle of vinegar, and heat the grisset, and pour vinegar in it, and set it in the room with Tim; and the fume will be pleasant to him, and will be good to hinder us from taking the fever; and we will wash his face and temples with vinegar, and bathe his hands in warm water; and Mr. Goodwill will tell us what else we shall do; and, with a blessing, Tim will get over this—though I don't like the way he draws his breath.

Nancy. My blessing, and the blessing of my children, and Tim's blessing be upon you, Rose"! You were always good, *egg and bird.* The neighbours, who would sit and talk idly over the pipe with me, or over a pot of tea, if I had it for them,—ah, it is not they that would leave their families, and come to this

poor place, to settle down to take care of a sick man! no, when they did come, they could order this, and order that, but not one of them ever handed him a drink.

Rose. Now Tim is wakening give him this nice sup of whey, and speak pleasantly to him.

DIALOGUE LII.

WHISKEY.

Nancy, Rose.

Nancy. Rose, I came to advise with you. I have not a friend in the world like you.

Rose. What can I do for you, Nancy? I am your friend, you know, and you won't think bad of me for just remarking, that—I am sorry—I thought I got a smell of whiskey, as you spoke just now.

Nancy. I believe you did, Rose. What can a poor heart-broken widow do, with a cabin full of fatherless children? I just took a little drop, to keep life in me, and make me forget my trouble.

Rose. Now, Nancy, my dear gossip, let me beg of you not to get that fashion. If you do, it's the worst thing ever happened you; worse than the loss of your little Pat; worse than the fire at Mr. Nesbitt's, that turned them so against you; worse than Tim's death itself.

Nancy. Ah! what could be worse than that? My dear Tim! the best husband that ever poor woman had! I did not behave well enough to him when he was alive; and, oh, wasn't it I that killed him? Wasn't it with my setting the house on fire that he got his death, working like a horse, to put it out; and with the fright he took, and the heat he put himself in, he fell sick directly.

Rose. Well, Nancy, it don't signify fretting for what's over! Here you have your children to take care of yourself. Honour is big enough to go out; and Bill can lead a car; Tim

and Martin could pick stones; and little Poll and Peg will soon be able to do something; and they will be all better able to help you every day. You used to be a good washer; may be you could get washing to do, and then you need not leave your house and children; and you can sew, and knit, and spin. Always be doing something, and that will keep the trouble more from your heart, than taking that odious liquor. Do, Nancy, dear, leave it off at once, or I tell you, flat and plain, it will be the ruin of you!

DIALOGUE LIII.

DEGRADATION.

Nancy, Rose.

Nancy. Rose, I get very bad health of late. I must have Honour home, to take care of me, and the cabin.

Rose. O, Nancy, my dear, you'll make me fall out with you at last! You would not take my advice, but went on using that abominable liquor; and now no wonder that you are sick, and the poor figure you are, and your children all dirty, and ragged.

Nancy. What can I do? I thought to follow a little dealing, and Miss Salsbury lent me a couple of guineas; and I got threads, and tapes, and a

little hardware, and dry fruit; but the money went as fast as I got it; I could not tell how; and when I couldn't make it up for Miss Salsbury, she would not lend me any more, but blamed me for making such a bad hand of it.

Rose. I can't wonder at that. And, indeed, Nancy, I never liked your going to deal, it took you so much from your cabin.

Nancy. I can hardly bear the house, thinking of my poor Tim, that I loved so well.

Rose. You would show your love to him by staying at home, and taking care, and doing your duty to your poor Tim's children; and there is nothing you would find such comfort in, as in doing what you know he would wish you to do, if he was alive.

Nancy. I am not able to work, or do any thing for myself or them.

Mr. Nesbitt's family were kind to me, and used to give me work, and showed me great favour and affection, but now they are turned against me, for the silliest thing in the world[80].

Rose. It was very kind of them to take notice of you again, after all they lost by you; but what did they fall out with you for?

Nancy. Why, there was young Miss Byron, and Miss Fanny Nesbitt were very great, and because they could not see one another often, they used to send messages and books back and forwards. Miss Fanny liked to send my little Poll, because she was a tight, smart, little thing, and she used always to pay Poll a few pence, and bid her save it, to buy herself a little stuff coat; but Poll used to give it to me, and indeed I had use for it, to get something to nourish my heart when I was weak, and I intended to buy

Poll the little coat instead, when I could earn it. Now Poll was smart, and when she took the messages to Miss Byron, Miss gave her money too; and she never told Miss Fanny that, so she got a good deal for a while, till they found her out, and then neither of them would ever send her again; and they blamed me, and said I was bringing her up in deceit, and that they could not depend on me; and they would not let me be about the place any more.

Rose. Indeed you did very wrong. It's no wonder at all that they were angry.

Nancy. I knew they had plenty of money, and that we wanted it worse than they did.

Rose. Sure you were not to have the ordering of their money, they knew what to do with it. Now you have lost not only their good will, but have destroyed your child, by

making a rogue of her. Do, now, Nancy, think of yourself, and your children; leave off that fashion of taking whiskey, lay yourself down to do something for your family, and your health will be better; and don't unsettle Honour out of her good place.

Nancy. Ah, Rose, when you talk to me it does me good, and I think I will take your advice; but then I have such a hankering after the little drop of liquor, that I can't do without it. Oh, I wish I had never tasted it.

DIALOGUE LIV.

DEATH.

Betty, and her mother Rose.

Betty. Ah, mother, why are you fretting and crying so much for Nancy? sure all her friends should be glad now she is gone. I am sure it is well for her children! and that's a poor thing to say of the mother of a family.

Rose. Ah, poor Nancy! I hope, indeed, it is well for herself that she is gone. She had little satisfaction latterly in this world, and she prayed for mercy, and said she hoped she had found it.

Betty. Well, mother, you did your part by her, at least. You let her

want no care in her last sickness; you did not spare yourself, early and late, in attending her, and providing for her.

Rose. That is a comfort to me now, for I cannot but fret for my old gossip.

Betty. Well, I wonder how you could like her! She was a good-for-nothing, idle body, dirty, and a slattern, always smelling of tobacco and whiskey, at least for the last two or three years; and indeed ever since I knew her she was no great thing.

Rose. She was a fine, lively young girl; but, my dear Betty, her fault was idleness, and all her troubles were owing to this fault. She would not stay in a good service, because she had a good deal to do; then she got into another, where she had a great deal more. She did not do as much as a poor woman had a right to do in her own cabin, and she

worked harder as a char-woman, than she need do at home. She did not exert herself under her troubles, but looked for comfort to what was not comfort. She took to tobacco when she lost her little boy, and to whiskey when she lost her husband. Her indolence in not getting him inoculated with the cow-pock caused the child's death; by her smoking, she set Mr. Nesbitt's place on fire; his overworking himself to put it out, was the means of her husband's death; and drinking whiskey brought herself to the grave. And, now, Betty, I don't rip up those things to make little of poor Nancy, but to show you how much it stands every young girl upon, to get into the way of working, to look more to pleasing her friends than to pleasing herself, to watch that she gets no bad ways and fashions, and, above all, to pray to be able to do her duty to her

Maker, and to her fellow-creatures; and, when trouble comes upon her, to consider that it is sent for her good, and endeavour quietly, and humbly to bear it, and not to look for comfort any where, but in her own heart and endeavours. Poor Nancy is gone out of this world[34], you are coming into it, Betty, as I may say. When you think of poor Nancy, pity her; and be thankful when you escape the faults which she fell into, and which brought her to sorrow, shame, poverty, and death.

GLOSSARY AND NOTES

FOR THE USE OF

THE ENGLISH READER.

P. 3. [1] *The life was out of it.*

Here is an example of the Irish poetical mode of expression. Instead of saying that a person is killed, or dead, they say *you'll never hear him speak again;* or, *he'll never taste a bit, or swallow a drop more;* or, *he'll never trouble any body more—the life is out of him, the breath is gone out of him.*

Like the ancient expressions—he has ceased to be—he is no more—the vital spark is fled.—

'And from the lips the vital spirit fled
'Returns no more to wake the silent dead.

P. 3. [2] *'Sure it was great luck that nothing happened.'*

When Tim and Nancy are going to be married, a similar expression occurs to justify the precipitation of their marriage. '*Sure we don't know what luck is before us.*' And, afterward, when their race is nearly run, they exclaim, '*I wish it had been our luck to have had more 'cuteness in time.*'

This belief and trust in *luck* never quits the Irish from the cradle to the grave, and is the cause of many of their vices, and of some of their virtues: if a poor man's crop fail in a bad season, or if his cattle die, he tells you, 'Sure there's no use in fretting; it 'was my luck to have no luck at all *the* 'year.' And if the same misfortunes happened in consequence of his having neglected to buy good seed, or of his having overworked his horses, still he would attribute all to his luck.

This belief *in a year of misfortunes* usually tends to produce the evil that is predicted; and 'there's no use in fretting,' implies also, 'there's no use in mending.' They are fully aware that

'There is a tide in the affairs of men,
'Which, taken at it's flood, leads on to fortune.'

But though they waste the best part of their days waiting for this tide, they seldom have the luck to take the current when it serves. They agree with the ancient moralists, that whomever the gods mean to destroy, they first deprive of understanding. This conviction serves them as a satisfactory excuse for all their faults and follies.

'How comes it,' says a landlord to his tenant, 'that you did not apply to me in 'proper time to renew your lease? now you 'have double fines to pay, as a penalty for 'omitting to renew.'

'True for me,' replies the careless tenant, 'but I never had the luck to think of it at 'the right minute!'

'How has your lawsuit with O'Brannagan ended?'

'O, *plase* your honour, he cast me! I never had any luck at all at law.'

'Then I wonder you are so fond of going 'to law.'

'Sure there's not a man in the kingdom 'hates law more than myself, plase your 'honour; but it's always my luck to be in 'law.'

(An Irishman says *in law*, as another man would say *in love.)*

'Were you not in jail, some time ago?'

'I was, *plase*. your honour. It was my 'luck to be *put in* for no fault of my own, 'at all, but just happening to be in bad 'company, that swore away my life behind 'my back.'

'But you are alive, still, I think!'

'I am, *plase* your honour, by great luck; 'for there was enough *again* me (against me) to hang *twinty* such as I; but I had the 'luck to have the best lawyer in Ireland, who 'made out an alibi for me, to the satisfac- 'tion of the *jidge*, who gave it in charge to 'the jury to bring in the *vardict* for me en- 'tirely. So I got off, and was let out; and, 'if I have any luck, I'll never *get in* again, 'or put it in the power of any man to belie 'me, let alone hanging me.'

P.4. [3]*A mope*—from mopus. Johnson gives to mope, and be moped; and also mopus—moping, is a favourite word of Milton and Gray. The formation of the substantive from the verb is according to analogy; as a bite, is formed from to bite;—to quiz, on

the contrary, is formed from the substantive pronoun quis; a question, which it is supposed nobody can answer.

P. 5. [4] 'I wonder you would *demean* your-'self, to learn of your younger sister!'

To demean—to debase, to undervalue—is used in this sense by Shakespear:

'Now, out of doubt, Antipholis is mad,
'Else he would never so *demean* himself.'

This is one out of a multitude of instances, which may be produced to prove, that the language of the lower Irish of this day is the English of Queen Elizabeth's time, often stronger, more eloquent, and more poetical, than the more polished and fashionable diction of the present times.

P. 5. [5] *Cabin-keeper.*—Housewife, housekeeper; or, to speak with arithmetical precision, as housekeeper is to house, so is cabin-keeper to cabin.

P. 9. [6] *Botheration!*—Probably from *both ear*—a person who has two talkers, one at each ear, speaking at the same time, is to all intents and purposes bothered. Let no one imagine that *botheration* is a vulgar Irish exclamation; extremes meet in language,

as in every thing else. We understand, from indisputable authority, that in the highest circles in England, even within the orbit of royalty, *to bother*, and *to be bothered*, are permitted; that the noun, as well as the verb, is not only admissible, but necessary, and essential. It is used either with an indefinite article, or a possessive pronoun; as *a bother*, or *my bother*. We beg leave to add *botheration* to the slang vocabulary of fashion; it will be found an exclamation of happy universality, an expletive of inestimable utility, supplying 'each vacuity of sense,' and signifying whatever the speaker or the hearer of the moment shall think proper.

However proud we shall be to find this Hibernicism naturalised in England, yet candour obliges us to confess, that we cannot hope ever to hear it pronounced with the genuine accent, by any of the fair and elegant by whom it may be adopted; much less do we expect, that the bucks of the day, or the loungers of Bond street, will ever, either in the application of verb or substantive, equal the wit and humour of the Irish native, whether of high or low degree.

A gentleman farmer having tried various unsuccessful agricultural experiments upon a piece of land, an Irish labourer, who was looking at it, said, 'troth, the *jantleman* has '*bothered* the land.'

P. 10. [7] *Nancy.* '*My gown is so good, I* '*would not like to see a darn in it yet.*'

There is an Irish proverb, which says 'The 'patch is the most convenient, but the hole 'is the more honourable;' and another, whether of English or of Irish origin we are uncertain, which maintains, that 'A rent is 'a misfortune, but a darn is misery confessed.' It is absolutely necessary, to attack these proverbs, for, while they are in force, who would patch or darn? A bad darner, to be sure, like a bad tinker, makes two holes where there was but one before; but, *to darn*, properly speaking, is 'to mend by 'imitating the texture of the stuff;' and, in darning, as in most things, the perfection of art is, not to let itself be seen.

P. 29. [8] '*When a neighbour lies stiff and cold,* '*that was well and hearty as ourselves, a little* '*while before, O, sure it's no time for play!*'

It has been sufficiently explained to the English reader, that a wake in Ireland does

not, as in England, mean a dance, a merry making, but a sitting up with a corpse, a waking of the dead. Formerly in the Irish lamentations over the dead, the relations called upon the deceased to awake, as if they did but sleep. These meetings soon became parties of pleasure for the living, instead of mournings for the dead. Some years ago, every servant girl in the lower and middle ranks of life thought she had a right to be allowed to go to the wake of a relation, or neighbour; and with a certain air of confidence that she should not be refused, and a certain mixed tone of sorrow, and real face of festivity, would come up to her mistress, and ask to be allowed to go to the wake.—'Ma'am, my *shister's* husband's dead, and 'I'd be glad if you'd be pleased to let me go 'to the wake to night:' or, 'Ma'am, it's 'Cecily Gallagher's wake to night, that was 'a great neighbour of my mother's, and if 'you'd be pleased to give me leave, I'd be 'sorry not to be *in it*.'

Nancy says, that she would not give a pin to go to a wake, except at night: but we are happy to state, that of late years it has become disreputable, in some counties

in Ireland, for young women to attend wakes by night. And female servants now ask permission only to go to the wake in the day time, 'because they could not do such a 'thing as to go to a wake by night; the 'priest would not allow of it.' This is a great improvement.

P. 31. *Dress.*—Our author's dialogue upon dress is judiciously managed; it does not deal in general anathemas against luxury, or vain attempts to make sumptuary regulations for the poor. That great and wise man, Dr. Franklin, acknowledges, that, after all he had thought upon the subject, he doubted whether if laws could be made, and executed, to restrain the expenses of the people, they would be happier, or even richer. He tells a story, which is as applicable to the lower class of Irish, as it was in his time to the Americans, and as it will be in all times to every country in the same state of civilization.

'The skipper of a shallop employed be-'tween Cape May and Philadelphia had 'done us some small service, for which he 'refused to be paid. My wife, understand-

' ing that he had a daughter, sent her a pre-
' sent of a new-fashioned cap. Three years
' after, this skipper being at my house, with
' an old farmer of Cape May, his passenger,
' he mentioned the cap, and how much his
' daughter had been pleased with it. " But,"
' said he, " it proved a dear cap to our con-
" gregation." " How so?" " When my
" daughter appeared with it at meeting, it
" was so much admired, that all the girls
" resolved to get such caps from Philadel-
" phia; and my wife and I computed, that
" the whole could not have cost less than a
" hundred pounds." " True," said the far-
' mer, " but you do not tell all the story.
" I think the cap was nevertheless an ad-
" vantage to us; for it was the first thing
" that put our girls upon knitting worsted
" mittens for sale at Philadelphia, that they
" might have wherewithal to buy caps and
" ribands there; and you know that that in-
" dustry has continued, and is likely to con-
" tinue, and increase to a much greater
" value, and answer better purposes." Upon
' the whole, I was more reconciled to this
' little piece of luxury; not only the girls

'were made happier by having fine caps, 'but the Philadelphians by the supply of 'warm mittens.'

The lower class of Irish women have within these few years much improved in the cleanliness and neatness of their dress; they have consequently become more industrious, in order to supply their new wants or fancies. Not only the women, but the men, have from these excitements improved both in activity and in manners.

P. 32. "*Rose.* 'What do you call *fit to* '*be seen?*'

The answer to this question is different from what it would have been a few years ago, when a linsey-woolsey petticoat, tied round the neck, constituted the Irish female peasant's idea of *fit to be seen*. Go back a couple of centuries, and *fit to be seen* meant, kerchiefed or coifed in a saffron coloured *mocket**, or kerchour, and wrapped in a shift of saffron colour, of extravagant amplitude; of amplitude so extravagant, that it required a severe sumptuary law in the time of Henry the eighth, with this pream-

* A linen cap.

ble: 'The king's most gracious and most 'redoubted lord, propending and waying 'by his great wisdom, learning, and expe-'rience, &c." to restrain the Irish chemise to seven yards of cloth, of the king's statute measure, to forbid the mocket and the ker-chour from being dyed the fashionable co-lour, with uscar or saffron. What a penance would an Irish damsel of the present day think it, to walk into church, or chapel, ar-rayed after this fashion!

It may serve for the information, perhaps for the amusement of future antiquaries, and writers of statistical surveys, to note the Hi-bernian *costume* of 1810, and to mark what is now esteemed luxury, and economy, in a certain rank. We collect from the accu-rate statements of our author, that the eco-nomic Rose requires a good calico gown for Sundays, another a little worse for week days, worsted stockings for winter, and dark cotton for summer, leather shoes, three good shifts at the least, and a hat, and a cloth cloak; and Nancy, the extravagant, must have a white cambric-muslin gown, and to match that, a white dimity petticoat, white cotton stockings, *Spanish* leather shoes, and

a plush bonnet, before she considers herself as fit to be seen. So variable from year to year, from day to day, is the standard of luxury and economy. Rose, instead of lifting up her eyes with indignant horrour at the extravagance of her neighbour, wisely says to her, calculate, calculate! let us see whether your earnings can afford these fine things. This in fact is the ultimate question for the individual, though not for the state. The bounds of innocent and vicious luxury are thus intelligibly, and properly defined.

P. 34. "*Streel.*—An indolent, slow, dull, drawling, trolloping woman, who goes about reckless of all things, with her clothes hanging half on, and half off, and her gown trailing in the dirt. Mrs. Slammakin, in the Beggar's Opera, is a perfect *streel*. *A sawney* is in Ireland a male *streel*—a lazy, loitering, lounging, lubberly fellow. A *swank* is a fat *streel*.

P. 37. "'*A heavy smell.*'—Heavy is not usually applied to smell in England, but this is an intelligible and expressive metonomy;—a smell that seems to weigh heavily upon the sense—an oppressive smell.

P. 37. "'*So to show I was above her dirty re-*

'*marks, I never put comb in my hair from* '*that day to this.*'—Her dirty remarks—her remarks on my dirt. Here is a metonomy of another sort frequently used in Ireland, though not peculiar to that nation; where the blame is thrown from the person accused to the accuser. The confusion of ideas, which induced Nancy to punish herself in such an exemplary manner for the dirty remarks of her master's sister, is indeed truly Hibernian.

P. 41. '*Barring that if I can get my work* '*done, my mistress never hinders me sitting* (never prevents me from sitting) *down to* '*work for myself.*'

Barring.—Excepting, except. The verb *to bar* is frequently used by Shakespear.

'Nay, but I *bar* to night; you shall not gage me
'By what we do to night.'

And again:

'Pitying the pangs of *barr'd* affections.'

Addison also uses it in the Spectator, in describing a man of the town:

'*Bar* him the playhouses, and you strike him dumb.'

The most modern authority for this word may be seen in Mrs. Chapone's posthumous works. In her correspondence with Richardson about filial, in which argument, by the by, she appears to have had much the advantage, she says, 'Pray observe I *bar* 'Bishop Hall, who would reduce me to the 'condition of an Indian skreen, and allow 'my father to item me amongst his goods 'and chattels, and put me up to sale for the 'highest bidder.'

P. 41. [15] *Nancy.* '*In summer, five o'clock* '*must never find any of the family in bed.*'

Bold personification of *five o'clock*, character and office given to the ideal being at once, in the true spirit of poetry; so that we feel absolutely apprehensive of the wrath of *five o'clock*, and the consequences of his finding one of the family in bed.

P. 52. [16] '*There if I was after washing the* '*parlour.*'

If I had just finished washing the parlour. This is the French idiom—Si je venois de frotter le sallon. I was after dining—Je venois de diner, &c.

P. 52. [17] '*The least child in the house, ay,* '*the dog itself, will tramp over the clean*

' boards, and make a show of them in an ' hour.'

The dog itself, even the dog, *will tramp*—will trample—the Irish *tramp* only goes back to the original word from which the English *trample* is derived—*trampe*, Danish. *And make a show of them*,—and make them a sight, an unseemly sight.

P. 54. [18] *' Miss Jane waited upon the compa- ' ny, and eat her dinner after they were done.'*

After *they were done*.—After they had finished dinnêr. I *done* it—is often used by the lower classes in Ireland, instead of I did it.—' It was Jemmy M'Givney *done* the ' ditch your Honour *seen*;' for ' Jemmy ' M'Givney did, or made, the ditch your ' Honour saw.' In every possible tense this Hibernicism occurs. ' When *I will be done* ' this job, what will I fall to after?' for ' When I shall have done this work, what ' shall I begin to do next?'

P. 57. [19] *' A clever, well-handed girl.'*

Clever does not here relate to the mind, but to the person; it does not mean intelligent, but well-made, active: *well-handed*, means handy, neat-handed.

' Which the *neat-handed* Phillis dresses.'

P. 60. [20] '*I'm off that notion entirely.*' I am entirely cured of that fancy.—'I 'took a notion I'd buy a pig.'—'The no- 'tion came across me, that I would make 'him take a bit of buttered toast for his *cowld*, 'and it cured him.'—'Then she took a no- 'tion one day, she'd go and be married to 'Bartly M'Doole, and there was no help 'for it.' Often concerning the most important events of their lives the lower Irish can give no other account of the remote or the proximate motive of their actions, than that *the notion took them one day, and there was no help for it.*

In other countries, and in other ranks, those among the finer and fairer class of reasoners, who talk of irresistible passions, and ruling stars, and fatalities, only plead in other terms, that the notion took them, and there was no help for it.

P. 70. [21] '*She makes a slave of herself.*' A drudge. It was, some years ago, common for a labourer to call himself a slave. 'Who are you my good friend?' 'Plase 'your honour I am a poor slave from Con- 'naught, that is looking for work.' Of late years they have risen in the scale of beings,

and have now left off calling themselves slaves. To slave—and to be slaved, are verbs in common use; to slave, is to drudge; to be slaved, to be tired, or worn out with drudgery. This word is sometimes applied to inanimate objects. We have heard a ferryman complain that his boat, poor thing, was *slaved* with the rain, and the many people that crossed in her.

P. 78. [22] '*I could mention several to you* '*that are very well to live.*'

That can live very well—who have enough to live upon.

P. 79. [23] *Tim.* '*I never liked to be looking* '*far beforehand, but to trust to Providence.*'

Tim's mixed trust in Providence and Mr. Nesbitt; his reliance that his honour will give him the little cabin, and the potato ground, and let him have the grazing of a cow; and his resolution to marry in this manner, upon trust; are perfectly characteristic.

P. 81. [24] *Nancy.* '*Now, Rose, I'll tell you* '*a secret. Tim and I are married since this* '*day sennight.*'

The manner in which this affair is managed, and the mode in which Nancy tells it, seem drawn from the life. Her having

married *unknown to her friends*, without any imaginable reason for so doing, but the pleasure of concealment; the father's swearing he'd have Tim's life, and the mother's being satisfied, and *bringing him to*, are all proper and necessary circumstances. Each acts his part admirably in this drama; for it is to be understood, that each is acting a part, and they all know this, and still go on keeping up their share of the farce. The father, though he swears he'll have Tim's life, has not the slightest intention of doing him any bodily injury; nor has the mother or the daughter the least apprehension of the consequences, or the endurance of the father's wrath; though the one goes on using much superfluous rhetoric *to bring him to*, supplicating him not to *go entirely mad with the poor girl*, while the girl stands aloof with the corner of her apron in her mouth, pretending to be frightened *out of her life*, knowing all the time that her father is heartily glad she has got such a good match as Tim—'a clean, honest boy, able to earn good bread for her.'

In some places the girls make it a principle to run away when they go to be mar-

ried; they return to their homes a few days afterwards, and ask, and receive parental forgiveness.

An old woman of the lower rank, once said to a young lady, who had for some time been endeavouring to comprehend the rationale of some of their marriage fictions, 'Troth, Miss, you may let alone trying to 'make sense of it. Just take my word, and 'you'll never meddle or make with any of 'their matches; for, Miss, you'll never understand them rightly. The thing is, we 'coarse christians don't think as you fine 'christians do in these matters.'

Whilst the Editor was writing this note, she heard from the clergyman, who performed the ceremony, the following account of a marriage, which took place a few days ago. As he was sitting with his family after breakfast, he heard the room door open, and in an instant his parlour was full of people in frieze coats, and red cloaks. One from among the crowd stood forth, and said, 'We are come to be married, Sir.' The clergyman looked about for the bride; and a woman was hauled forward, huddled up in a coat, a man's hat slouched over her

head, and her hands before her face; she seemed to be crying. The bridegroom in the mean time produced the licence; the friends said *all was ready*, and urged the clergyman to begin. The clergyman, however, observed that there was something extraordinary in the bride's appearance; that before he could perform the marriage ceremony he must ask whether it was with her own consent that she came to be married; that he begged she would take her hands from before her face, and give him some answer. No answer could be obtained from the lady; but the friends of the parties besought the clergyman never to mind asking *her* any more, and urged that if he would begin the ceremony, *she would speak when it would come to the right place.* The ceremony began, and proceeded till they came to the *right place*; but the lady never made any answer, when she was asked, 'Wilt thou 'have this man to be thy wedded husband?' 'Speak! Peggy, speak; can't you speak 'out?' said the friends; but she would not utter a syllable. The clergyman in consternation declared, that he could not take it upon his conscience to proceed any further,

and he shut the book. Instantly the bride took her hands from before her face, and looking up, cried out in a loud voice, 'I 'will, I will have him, and with all my 'heart too!—Plase your reverence begin 'again, and I'll say all my answers out, and '*very pat too.*' She was as good as her word, and this time she answered not only audibly, but so loud that she could be heard to the farthest end of the house. This bashful bride had not been afraid to run away with her lover, and was now afraid of going through the marriage ceremony. She overdid her part so far beyond what even her own friends expected, that she was as near losing the offered ring, as Glo'ster was near losing the offered crown.

P. 88. [25] *Nancy.* 'She is to *get* ten guineas 'a year. I believe she *got* ten at the christ-'ening * * * * besides the good living 'she gets.'

Get, *got*, and *to get*, are words of perpetual recurrence in Irish dialect.

I *get* good wages—I *got* a scolding—I am to *get* a farm—I *got* no sleep—I *got* him turned off—I *got* no dinner—in short, wherever an English person would use the verb

to have, the Irish are apt to use the verb *to get.* Sometimes in a rank much superior to Nancy's, in *polite* conversation, this vulgarism occurs. When children make their appearance after dinner, they are asked, 'What did you *get* for dinner?—did you 'get no pye?—have you *got your glass of* 'wine?'

To get, as these examples show, sometimes means simply to have an advantage; but sometimes it implies a degree of force or 'cuteness in the gaining of that advantage; or, at least, if it does not imply this sense, it gives this idea, by the tone in which it is spoken.

P. 90. [26] '*It might drive him to the ale-* '*house, and then we were all lost.*'

Lost! lost! lost indeed, if he went to the alehouse; lost, ruined past redemption, as Johnson defines it, is used in the Irish emphatic manner by our best poets.

'Oh! look not on so *lost* a thing as I am.'

But the Irish familiar use of the word *lost,* in the common affairs of life, would surprise and alarm those who are not aware of the

manner in which it is to be understood. During a deep snow last winter, the Editor was informed by a gentleman's steward, that a hundred men had been lost by the snow on the Dublin road. When some horrour and astonishment was expressed, the steward confirmed the fact with 'Sure it is 'true, every word of it. And it was Mr. * * * 'set them to clearing the road, and stood out 'over them himself, and they shovelling 'away the snow; and he lost a hundred men 'by it, and more—every man of them that 'day.'

In process of time, when he was made to understand what it was that excited horrour in this statement, the steward laughed, and explained that by *lost* he did not mean that the men were dead, or lost in the snow, but that the labour of twenty men for five days, had been lost by means of the snow.

P. 94. [27] *Nancy.* '*He thinks nothing I do is 'right, and is always hitting up his mother 'to me.*'

Hitting up, or throwing up—taunting, or reproaching me with his mother's good qualities.

P. 95. [28] 'One word *borrowed* another.'

Brought on another, or was to be paid for by another of equal sharpness.

P. 99. 29 '*And it don't signify talking, but* '*she aggravated me so, that I beat her sure* '*enough.*'

The whole of this matrimonial quarrel, the different accounts given of the very same circumstances by the angry pair, are all so naturally told, that half the newly married couples in this rank in Ireland might think it was taken from them, and that these were literally the words they had used. This is 'Three weeks after Marriage,' in low life. Rose and Jem are both admirable models of friends, because they teach as much by example as by precept. Rose had at the first, as Jem candidly owns, her troubles, for he was a little inclined to drink, but his wife's good humour, and patient care (see page 100) to make his home pleasant, succeeded in drawing him from the alehouse, and made him 'as good a husband as a poor woman need to have.' These lessons on 'The way to keep him' are happily introduced and exemplified, and they come with much more force from a couple in the

same rank of life, than they could from people of a superior rank, who might give as good advice perhaps, but who would not be supposed to have the same knowledge of all the circumstances of the case, or to be *sensible* of the peculiar provocations and difficulties of the situation.

P. 101. [30] '*I was wrong to marry till I had something to the fore.*'

To the fore—beforehand. Mr. Malthus will be pleased with this sentiment.

P. 104. [31] *Sunday.*—'*Then we must run every foot of the way to the chapel, and are often late after all.*'

Every foot is not said as a measure of distance, but of velocity—as slow as foot can fall, or, as fast as foot can go, are common expressions. Nancy's picture of the hurry and scramble on a Sunday morning *to get the breakfast over, and herself and the children dressed for prayers*; Tim bothering her for a button, or a string, or to draw up a hole in his stocking; the running to chapel; the hurry home to broil the bit of meat; the children running wild; the losing of the cocks and hens; the children setting the

dog and cat to fight; and Tim scolding them all by turns, is a picture worthy the pencil of Morland, or Bird—worthy the pen of Goldsmith, or of Crabbe.

P. 104. [32] ‘ So there's nothing but *hubbub* ‘ from morning till night.’

Hubbub is a Miltonic word.—

‘ A universal *hubbub* wild,
Of stunning sounds, and voices all confused.’

P. 105. [33] ‘ After breakfast we have plen- ‘ ty of time *to put on us.*’

To put on us—to put on our clothes; *to take off us*—to take off our clothes. The editor was going to have explained these phrases by, to dress, and to undress; but these words would, to fashionable readers, have conveyed the very reverse of the meaning intended.

P. 110. [34] ‘ *Don't harden their little hearts* ‘ *by taking part with one against another.*’

An excellent lesson in education, shortly and pathetically given.

P. 111. [35] ‘ *I pray that nothing may make* ‘ *me keep ill will to any one. I could not* ‘ *lie down pleasantly to sleep, or rise up plea-* ‘ *santly to work, nor love my husband or chil-*

' dren rightly, nor do any thing as I ought,
' if my mind was poisoned with spite.'

Pure morality and religion, without any canting or hypocrisy.

P. 115. [36] *' That sack of potatoes that we ' both raised such an argument about.'*

To raise an argument is to dispute; *to argue* signifies usually among the lower, and sometimes among the higher classes of people, *to dispute*; not to reason, or to offer reasons, as Johnson defines it. ' To per-' suade by argument,' which is another of Johnson's definitions of to argue, would to them appear a contradiction in terms.

P. 116. [37] *' Nothing warms the heart to ' a person like his owning himself in the ' wrong.'*

The explanation of this must be *felt*, or it can never be understood. It has seldom been better expressed than in these simple words.

P. 117. [38] *' I can't be easy till Bill and I ' are friends again; in the morning when I ' waken, I feel that something is the matter ' with me, and I can't at first remember it, ' and I am afraid to try to remember it, but ' it comes like a cloud over me.'*

This is a natural and beautiful description of the feelings of the mind—of 'a mind not 'used to it's own reproaches.'* This short speech may do incalculable good. Instead of a tiresome lecture against being quarrelsome, this at once opens the secret recesses of the heart, and shows the pain and restlessness, which are the consequences of foolish quarrels. *Comes like a cloud over me*—This is a Shakspearian expression:

'How is it that clouds still hang on you?'
HAMLET.

And again, Shakspeare, in Richard the Third:

'You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing,
'That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
'Now cheer each other in each other's love.'

P. 117. 39 '*They fell out in the fair, and 'set to fighting, and Dinny hit Phil on the 'head with his unlucky shillela.*'

Shillela. Formerly there was in the county of Wicklow, in Ireland, an oak wood, called Shillela, from which the country

* Junius.

people used to cut sticks or cudgels, thence named shillelas. Shillela is now a general name for any cudgel, whether of oak or other wood.

After having fortified himself with a naggon of whiskey, Paddy, brandishing his shillela over his head, feels confident that he can at any time make his way through twenty times the stop that law or reason could oppose to his single arm.

'*Unlucky* shillela.'—Here, by a happy metonymy, the blame is transferred from the man to the stick. And this is not only in the true spirit of eloquence and poetry, but also according to the strict forms of law and justice. Every body knows that the weapon with which any outrage is committed against his majesty's peace, upon the body of any of his liege subjects, is forfeit to the crown; and it is essential to the conviction of the criminal, to include the guilty weapon in the indictment.

'*They fell out in the fair, and set to 'fighting.*'

The morning after the fair-day, in any country town in Ireland, the neighbouring magistrate has a crowded levèe. Men with

black eyes, and faces grimed with blood, and cut heads bound up with many-coloured garters, appear at his door, shouldering and thrusting themselves one behind another into his honour's *prisence*, to get justice. Fumes of whiskey and of wet *trusties*, &c., instantly fill the room. The figures, who all look like poverty-struck demoniacs, stand still and silent for a moment, till they are spoken to by his honour——'What is your 'business with me?'

'Plase your honour see this cut in my 'head, it is what I was last night, kilt and 'murdered by Terence M'Grath, here.'

'Plase your honour I never lifted my 'hand against him, good or bad, at all at 'all, as all the witnesses here will prove for 'me on oath, so they will.'

Then, all at once, in various brogues, some long, some short, some Connaught, some Cork, some Kerry, they bawl, they foam, they gesticulate; possessed by the spirit of law and vengeance, they press forward to swear.——'Plase your honour if 'you'll just take my examinations *again* 'him.'

'Give me the book *till* I swear plase your 'honour.'

Then, '*By the virtue of this book, and of* '*all the books that ever were shut and opened,*' they swear, not according to the best of their belief, but according to the worst of their wishes, and in terms such as turn what should be grave to farce. As, for instance, in the following extract from an examination lately taken by an Hibernian magistrate.

'Deponent being duly sworn, deposeth 'that on the fair-night of the 27th instant, 'he, the said Bartly Connor, did, in the 'presence of Garry M'Laughlin aforesaid, 'swear three several times, that he would 'send deponent's soul to Hell, which depo-'nent verily believes he would have done, 'if he had not been prevented by said Garry 'M'Laughlin.'

After such examinations have been taken and sworn to, after deponent has bound himself in ten or twenty pounds to prosecute at the next sessions, he shrugs and twists his shoulders with the most satisfactory hope of lodging his adversary in gaol. While

the committal is making out, the adversary steps into the town, under favour of the constable, to look for bail among his *frinds*. *Deponent* follows him to the whiskey-shop, and the chances are that the deadly feud is made up in a few minutes, by a few glasses of whiskey.

The wounds of their minds and bodies seem on some occasions to heal with wonderful celerity, and *by the first intention*. On other occasions, even a tradition of the slightest injury or insult forms a sufficient cause for swearing inextinguishable hatred between opposite factions. Many of the fights at fairs are not mere casual rencontres between drunken individuals, but pitched and premeditated battles between *the boys* of one town against *the boys* of another. It should be observed, that the term *boys* includes men of all ages, to sixty and upwards. The beaten party at one fair, 'kilt and murdered' as they are, live on in the hopes of getting satisfaction at the next; for which they take care to muster fresh boys among their friends and relations; and they go in great force, armed as before with whiskey

and shillelas. 'Touch one Fagan, and you 'touch five hundred!' exclaimed a saddler, who was bragging of some of his feats of arms at a fair. During the last rebellion, and for some months preceding it, the country was hushed in grim repose, no fighting at fairs was heard of; the *united-men* could not fight with each other, and they dared not even get drunk, lest they should betray themselves. The recurrence of the fights at fairs is now considered by those who know the people best, as a most favourable symptom of the loyal and *peaceable* dispositions of the lower classes in Ireland.

It seems that some vent for the angry passions of individuals has, by all governments in all times, been permitted or connived at; in the higher classes duels, in the lower boxing; the sword, the pistol, and the shillela have been tolerated. Benevolent and christian moralists may hope, that religion and education may gradually discipline men to live in peace one with another. And we sanguine authors may flatter ourselves, that such homefelt reasoning and persuasive eloquence as this Cottage Dialogue

affords, may have a beneficial effect upon young minds yet unspoiled by example, and undisturbed by passion.

In the mean time the English should not be imprudently unmerciful in their sarcasms upon the *barbarism* of the Irish, because a comparison between the manners of the lower classes in the different parts of the united kingdom might not always prove advantageous to the English. For example, persons of impartial feelings might prefer a stroke on the head from an Irish shillela, to a cut on the shins from shoes, the toes of which are shod with iron, such as are said to be used in certain English kicking matches. It may also be questioned whether the Irish fights at fairs are much worse than the Lancashire scratching and biting matches, where noses are literally bitten off and pocketted, and where eyes are *gouged!*

Trusty.—An Irish *trusty* is a frieze great coat of uncommon thickness. Arthur Young has well observed, that though woollen is no longer the staple manufacture of Ireland, yet an Irishman of the lower class generally carries about with him twice as much wool as is worn by an Englishman of the same rank.

P. 123. 4° *Jem.* '*If I had not such a* '*wife, I might be bad enough.*'

Tim. '*I suppose Rose advises you a great* '*deal.*'

Jem. '*No, she never said much to me* '*about my misbehaviour at the worst of times;* '*but when I came home she was always sure* '*to be in the way, to look pleasantly, to have* '*the cabin floor clean, and the ashes swept up,* '*and to have my bit laid out so neat and so* '*comfortable, that I liked home better than* '*any other place.*'

This reminds us agreeably of a passage in Allan Ramsay's 'Gentle Shepherd'; but of the insidious compliment to his own sex, which that *author* has been pleased to put into the mouth of his heroine, we find no trace in our *authoress*. His Peggy's bold assertion, that, 'whenever men slight their 'wives, 'tis ten to one the wives are most 'to blame,' we leave to the candour and experience of our readers, male and female.

Peggy.——' Dear Jenny, to be free,
' There's some men constanter in love than we.
' Nor is the wonder great, when Nature kind
' Has blest them with solidity of mind.

'They'll reason calmly, and with kindness smile,
'When our short passions wad our peace beguile.
'Sae whensoe'er they slight their maiks at hame?
'Tis ten to ane the wives are maist to blame;
'Then I'll employ with pleasure a' my art
'To keep him cheerful, and secure his heart.
'At e'en, when he comes weary from the hill,
'I'll have a' things made ready to his will;
'In winter, when he toils through wind and rain,
'A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth-stane;
'And, soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
'The seething-pot's be ready to take aff;
'Clean hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his board,
'And serve him with the best we can afford.
'Good humour, and white bigonets, shall be
'Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.'

It may be observed, that in the same rank the *beau ideal* of a good wife is in all times and countries essentially the same, however the dress of the picture may vary according to the fancy of the painter, or the manners of the times. What Peggy was in Scotland, Rose is in Ireland, *barring* his plaid, and her white bigonets. In France, the same picture, with more refinement and elegance, but with less truth and nature in the drawing, appears from no less a master than Marmontel. In 'Silvain,' Helene addresses

to her daughter, who is just going to be married, the following exquisitely beautiful lines.

' Ne crois pas qu'un bon ménage
' Soit comme un jour sans nuage,
' Le meilleur même au village,
' A ses peines, ses soucis.
' Mais les graces de ton âge
' Les ont bientôt éclaircis.
' L'homme est fier, il est sauvage;
' Mais dans un doux esclavage,
' Quand c'est l'amour qui l'engage,
' Il perd toute sa fierté,
' Il renonce à son empire,
' C'est en vain qu'il en soupire;
' Un regard sait le séduire,
' Il ne faut pour le réduire
' Qu'un souris de la beauté.
' Une femme jeune, et sage,
' A toujours tant d'avantage!
' Elle a pour elle en partage,
' L'agrément, et la raison.
' Douce humeur, et doux langage,
' Font la paix de la maison.'

It is obvious, that Marmontel's peasants are a century or two more refined than those of the Gentle Shepherd, or of our Village Dialogues; but we may observe, that what is

gained in refinement, is lost in strength of expression and pathos. The tone of French gallantry, it's metaphysics, it's personifications, do not accord with pastoral poetry and village life. 'Les graces de ton âge,' Un sourire de la beauté, L'agrément et la raison, &c., are all pretty but indefinite expressions, which convey no distinct images.

The more ideas and maxims are generalized, the more they may affect the imagination and strike the understandings of persons of cultivated taste; but those who write for the people, and who aim at touching their hearts, must deal in particulars, and must produce distinct individual pictures.

We see Rose before us looking pleasantly as her husband comes in, the cabin floor clean, the ashes swept up, and her husband's *bit* laid out neat and comfortable.—We see Peggy spreading the clean hag-a-bag upon the board, when her good man flings by his plaid and staff; but of 'la femme douce et sage,' though she had for her share 'l'agrément et la raison,' we have no complete image; we have only a general idea. We are willing, and pleased to believe in

her existence; but we take her upon trust, for we do not distinctly know what she does, or what she says. We hear that man, even the most proud and untameable, loses all his pride, and renounces his empire, seduced by a look—a smile of hers; but still the general homage of man does not weigh so much with us, as the simple evidence of that poor insignificant individual Jem, in favour of the wife, who never said much to him about his misbehaviour at the worst of times, but made his home so comfortable, that he liked it better than any other place.

P. 124. [41] '*Every shilling Martin got, he 'spent at the King's Head; and after leaving 'pounds and pounds there, what does the 'woman of the house do, but she takes his 'hat.*'

She takes his hat—present tense—French idiom and eloquence. The story of Martin Coghlan is the story of Timon of Athens, and the Heir of Lynn; and Mrs. Landlady is just the lady of John o'the Scales.—See Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, for the history of the Heir of Lynn.

P. 129. [42] '*Onions are very good to help 'out kitchen.*'

Kitchen means butter, or any kind of sauce that is eaten with meat or vegetables, to make them more palatable. *Two kitchens to one bread,*—means butter and milk eaten with one piece of bread.

P. 131. [43] '*I wonder how you got that* '*pretty honeysuckle to grow round your door.* '*I wonder the children let it grow.*'

Rose very judiciously gave a slipping of honeysuckle to her boy and girl, to plant, and to take care of; and by thus making the honeysuckles the *property* of the children, she insured their being well watched and taken care of.

This idea, properly extended and applied, is one of the most useful and certain principles for improving the poor.

P. 133. [44] 'Now what need you *bother* 'yourself with so many things.'

Bother and *fash* are here synonymous terms. 'I'll not bother myself' is in Ireland, what 'I winna be fashed' is in Scotland.—See Mrs. Hamilton's admirable Cottagers of Glenburnie—of which the public must rejoice to see a cheap edition for popular use.

P. 135. [45] '*How could the pig contrive to*

'*get at* it?'—(*It*—Nancy's cap, which it had torn down the middle.)

Whoever is acquainted with the pigs of Ireland, and with their habits of living in the cabins, of which they have the great and little *entrées* at all hours of the day or night, cannot be much surprised at the misfortune, which happened to Nancy's cap. These misfortunes are so frequent, as scarcely to demand more than the passing tribute of a curse upon the pig from the neighbours.

Last winter a pig of the editor's acquaintance devoured or destroyed the entire wardrobe of a poor woman, who had left her clothes in a tub at the mercy of the swinish multitude.

The Irish are accused of letting their pigs live in dirt, but it should seem on some occasions, that this accusation is highly unjust, as they prefer the pig's accommodation to their own. A gentleman, who had floored a room with boards for one of his tenants, found the pig one day in sole possession of this room; and upon asking why the pig was allowed to have the best apartment in the house, was answered, 'Becaase, plase your

'honour, it has every convaniency a pig 'could want.'

P. 188. "'*It is very well known by the 'great jockies, as they call them, that a horse 'will thrive and fatten twice as well with 'gentleness and good treatment, as he will 'with ill-usage and blows, though he got the 'same quantity of food.*'

Rose judiciously endeavours to prove to her neighbour, that good treatment to animals is the best policy; this conviction would do more to secure them from cruelty, than any act of parliament could effect, even though framed by the abilities of Lord Erskine.

Alas! Mr. Windham! This subject brings him immediately to mind, with all his logical reasoning, his brilliant imagination, his playful wit, with all those various powers of allusion—that superiority of talent, which approached nearer than any other orator of the present times to the unrivalled eloquence of Burke. What a loss this country has had of such a man! and at a time when a great man can ill be spared. This is not perhaps a fit place to deplore his loss, or to pronounce his eulogy—his friends may

not think it a place worthy of him; but, humble as it is, he would not have disdained this little volume. He disdained nothing that was likely to be useful to his fellow-creatures. Had he lived till these 'Village 'Dialogues' were published, it would have been the pride of the editor to have sent them to him, and to have introduced their author's modest worth to one who would have appreciated it's value.

P. 138. [47] 'I heard it from those who 'have made their fortune by horses, and 'have the best *right* to know them.'

The best reason to know them—*right* and *reason* are often used as synonymous terms in Ireland [as they are among the common people in England too.] 'I have a good 'right to be obliged to your honour;' and 'a good *right* my wife has to be sorry *after* '*yees*,' for your going away.'—'A good *right* 'the boy has to be sick, for he never spared 'himself early or late, any way.'—'I have 'no *right* to thank the counsellor, for he 'never favoured me more than another.'

There are the rights of things, as well as of persons. 'The house had a good right 'to come down; was it not a hundred years

'old?'—'That stool had a right to know 'me, for I made it every inch.'—'That saw 'had a right to be a good one, for I paid a 'great price, and twice as much as ever it 'was worth any how.'

P. 139. [48] '*It barely does ourselves.*' Read 'does for ourselves'—'is sufficient for our-'selves.'

P. 140. [49] '*I was laid out to make a sty.*'

I intended to make a sty. It may here be noted, for the advantage of those who are *laying themselves or their money out to make* pig-sties, in future, that it will be advantageous to make a hen house over the sty, the warmth of the lower apartment being found peculiarly advantageous to the roosters in the attic.

P. 144. [50] '*Weary cats they are!*'

Strong metonymy—Nancy means by this exclamation, that the cats have wearied her, not that they are weary cats.

'Weary on 'em for cats!' would be a more common ejaculation.

P. 145. [51] 'I lock up our milk and but-'ter in the cupboard, but it gets a *tack* 'there.'—*Tacke*—taste.

'Martilmas beefe doth bear good *tacke*,
'When country folke do dainties lacke.'

P. 147. [52] 'And what is in the *cruskeen*?'

Cruskeen, a little crock or jar—*scrapsheen*, a little scrap—a wee-she scrapsheen of a girl, the least of all possible girls.

Buckeen—a lower kind of buck. See Young's Tour, for an admirable description of this animal. For the honour of Ireland it should be stated, that the race is almost extinct. *Een* is a diminutive added to words sometimes to depreciate, sometimes to express fondness, in the manner of the Italian diminutives.

P. 150. [53] '*Caulcannon*.'—A dish consisting of cabbage and potatoes, boiled and pounded together. For it's excellence I could quote high authorities—of it's derivation I pretend to know little or nothing, though diligence has not been wanting in the search.

Query—perhaps from *cale*, Scotch—*caulis*, Latin.

P. 151. [54] '*Cookery*.'

These dialogues on cookery must be un-

interesting to all but those who are likely to profit by the receipts: but the rich, who can scarcely imagine what it is to be, as Rose describes, in want of the taste of meat, must make some allowance for the different ideas which different classes of people form of *good dishes*. These good dishes are not indeed to be found in 'L'Almanach des 'Gourmands,' but we hope they will hold a distinguished place in L'Almanach de Village. Our author has introduced economical cookery to the attention of the lower classes of people by one of themselves, and therefore in a better manner than it was attempted by Count Rumford, who recommended his puddings and bone soups only upon the faith of a Count.

P. 160. "*Nancy.* '*I did not invent lies* 'of *Kitty; I only just mentioned our remarks* '*to Biddy Walsh, and one or two more that* '*had a great regard for her, and so have we* '*all.*'

The rise and progress of a lie are here drawn with much truth and humour. The delicate equivocations, and the salves with which the lover of scandal quiets her conscience—the particular regard for the of-

tender—the love of public justice, and all the various forms which Proteus envy takes, when hard pressed, are admirably pourtrayed. So is the cowardice which seizes this fair public accuser, when she is summoned before a magistrate to swear to what she has said; and the expedition with which she unsays all she has said; and the address with which she throws the blame of raising the report upon them that repeated what was 'only just said among ourselves, over 'Norah Carty's fire;' and, to complete her climax of self justification, she pronounces the neighbourhood to be a horrid bad neighbourhood, in which she can't say a word but it must come over again, and harm be made of it. Without feeling in the least for the injury she has done to an innocent person's character, or thinking of the bad consequences that might have ensued from her falsehood, she is feelingly alive to the trouble she is brought into herself, '*only* for 'a little silly talk.'

The harm that can be done by a *little silly talk*—the evil resulting from this propensity to raise false reports, is in some circumstances incalculably great. In quiet

times the spirit of gossiping is busied only about such trifles as Kate's fine shawl and gingham gown; but, when the public mind is disturbed, this spirit takes a different turn, and, directed by mischievous persons, produces often those effects, that are attributed to much more important causes. It is not meant to confine these observations to Ireland, or to the Irish: not to draw our examples from modern times, we may recollect that in England, during the disturbances in the days of Charles the First, it was, as an eminent writer has observed, 'one of the 'artifices of the malecontents in the civil 'war, to raise false alarms,' and to fill the people with strange prejudices against particular persons. There was a certain Colonel Lunsford, who was rendered an object of public detestation by the most absurd story of his being an eater of children. His friends endeavoured to counteract the effects of this tale by comic ballads; thus,

'The post that came from Banbury
'Riding in a blue rocket,
'He swore he saw when Lunsford fell,
'A child's arm in his pocket.'

If I am not mistaken, Dr. Johnson, in his letters to Mrs. Thrale, written at the time of Lord G. Gordon's riots in London, says, that a report was suddenly raised among the mob of the Pope's being in town: they pursued a poor gentleman, whom they mistook for the holy father, for no imaginable reason, but that he wore a flowered silk night-gown: the reputed Pope, in endeavouring to make his escape from the enraged populace, was compelled to scramble over a high wall, in leaping from the top of which he broke his leg.

There is such a mixture of the absurd and ludicrous in these things, that we can scarcely believe them to be true, or fix our attention upon their consequences. But the reader will become serious directly, when he sees this in another point of view.

In 1792, when the yellow fever broke out in Philadelphia, a young tradesman in that city wrote the following letter to a friend:

'It is now a very mortal time in this city. 'The yellow fever has killed some thou-'sands of the inhabitants. Eight thousand 'mechanics, beside other people, have left

'the town. Every master in the city, of 'our branch of business, is gone.'

Instead of 8000 persons, about 300 had perished at that time. The false report contained in this letter was circulated, Dr. Rush says, through every state in the Union; and the terrour, which this and other similar exaggerations spread, was so great, that it increased to a horrible degree the public calamity. Servants forsook their masters, children their parents, and parents their children; and multitudes perished from the effects of the terrour thus excited by this *false report.*

P. 166. "'You are a *good warrant* to 'take notice of any tidy contrivance in a 'house.'

Warrant— from warrantee — guarantee. This expression has travelled far from it's original meaning, and changed a little on the way. A good warrant, or a good mark, in Ireland, means one on whom you can safely depend, for whom you may safely go security. Nancy means to say, that she would warrant, or go security for Rose's readiness to take notice of any tidy contrivance. This expression is familar to the

lower Irish, from their habits of *going security* continually for each other; joining in notes of hand for small sums, to pay for potato-ground, or what is called *conn (corn) acres*; also from their going bail for each other perpetually, when examinations are sworn against them. They forfeit their bail if the culprit is not a *good warrant*. They are obliged to pay the whole of the note, if the person with whom they join in signing is not a *good mark*.

P. 174. [57] 'I could begin (making soup) 'in a smaller pot, till *my soup would earn a* 'big one for me.'

Here the soup is personified, and supposed to earn the price of a large pot—the savings which would be gained by the soup would in time amount to what would purchase a *big* pot.

Such figurative expressions as these are frequently applied to the commonest things in Ireland.

P. 176. [58] 'Tim *threatens* to get a bed-'stead.'

Threatens—promises.

P. 178. [59] '*It's you that makes the nice* 'sup of gruel.'

French idiom—C'est vous qui fait, &c.

P. 190. [60] 'I'll thank you for *a lock* of 'meal.'

A lock—a lot—a small portion, or parcel.

P. 192. [61] 'I could not keep a *tack* upon 'the children.'

A tack—as much clothes as could be kept on by a single tack or stitch. The editor lately heard a nursery maid in a gentleman's family call a child to be dressed, with this eloquent apostrophe.

'Miss Susy! Miss Susy! come and *put* 'on ye; there's the five-minute-bell, and 'you won't have a *tatter* on ye by the time 'dinner's up.'

A *tatter* was in this case used merely for the pleasure of employing a figurative term, as the child's clothes were not in *tatters*; and the child, not having been used either to the word or the thing, could comprehend only that it was a new name for a clean frock.

P. 193. [62] '*It's not so sign by Jem.*'

There is no sign of that in Jem—or, by Jem's appearance I should not think so.

P. 195. [63] '*More times* I bought flax.'

More times—ofttimes—poetical. Plain prose—oftener.

P. 197. [64] '*My dear Betty, why are you* '*always checking your brother Tommy?*'

Checking—finding fault with.

These two dialogues, between the mother and her son and daughter, upon family concord, are excellent. In four short pages, they give the whole duty of brother and sister; they point out what each sex should expect from the other in lower life; and show in a familiar, just, and persuasive manner, how each, by bearing and forbearing, may contribute to the happiness of both, and ensure peace and 'quietness in 'the house.'

P. 202. [65] '*The spinning match.*' (In some parts of Ireland called *a camp*, from these spinning matches being formerly held in tents.)

Nothing, even in the justly celebrated 'Rosiere de Salency' of Madame de Genlis, is more exquisitely affectionate, natural, and touching, than this simple account of an Irish spinning-match.

As there are some readers who begin to

read a book at the end, it is possible that they may read this note before they look at the text; and, for their advantage, a few specimens are inserted here, which will probably ensure their reading the whole book.

The girl, who has won the prize wheel, comes home to her mother's cottage; and in the moment of triumph, that moment of trial to the human heart, hers dilates with gratitude, even more than with joy.

'O mother, how I'm obliged to you!
'and Tommy, I'm obliged to you for carry-
'ing the wheel home for me; I hope I'll
'spin you a shirt with it.'

Tommy. 'I don't doubt your goodness,
'Betty, and I am sorry ever I vexed you.'
'If I could carry twenty wheels, it would
'not be enough for what you do for me.'

Rose. 'O, that's better than all the rest,
'to see my children love one another!'

(This was the brother and sister, who had been quarrelling before.)

The girl's description of the lady who was to distribute the prizes.

'O how beautiful she looked when she
'stood by poor Cicely Brennan, who is so
'lame of one hand.'

'When Mrs. Belmour called us up,' [to give the prize wheels] 'I could not tell you 'how her fine black eyes danced in her 'head; and the tears stood in them for 'all that; and she smiled so sweetly, and 'looked as if she was the happiest creature 'in the world.'

Rose. 'O, Betty, I never wish to be 'rich but when I see such ladies as her, 'that can make so many people happy, and 'are so willing to do it.'

Betty. 'When she called me to her, 'and gave me the wheel, and the cloak, 'and the cap with her own hand, sure I did 'not know where I was standing, nor what 'I said; but I know she wished me joy * * * 'And I hardly felt my feet coming home.'

Rose. 'Well, my dear Betty, I must 'wish you joy too; though I can't do it so 'genteelly as Mrs. Belmour.'

Betty. 'O, mother, honey! I think more 'of your commendation, than the lady's it-'self; though she is so grand, and so beau-'tiful, and so good. It is you I am obliged 'to for my cloak, my wheel, and my cap. 'If you had not taught me to spin, and 'watched, and made me spin an even

'thread, I might have come off with no 'premium, or have been ashamed to go at 'all.'

Every reader who is blessed with the natural touch, will forgive the editor for making him read these passages twice over.

P. 213. "*Rose.* 'I would have you be 'constant, and *loyal* to one another.'

Loyal is here used as it is by Spenser, Sydney, and Milton.

'Hail, wedded love! by thee,
'Founded in reason, *loyal*, just, and pure—'

P. 215. "*Mary.* '*Affronted! no, in-*
'*deed! I will thank you for that advice the*
'*longest day I live.*'

I will thank you—snatches a grace beyond the reach of art. The pure English grammarian would here, perhaps, substitute *shall* for *will*. But this is a nice point of grammar, which depends upon a yet nicer point of metaphysics. The most authoritative and intrepid of our grammarians, including Harris, Lowth, and Johnson, shrink from the task of deciding the rights of *shall* and *will*, and leave them to the common law

and custom of the land. Harris's Hermes, enveloped in Greek, is far above the comprehension of the mere English scholar; and even when he condescends to write English, it is in vain to consult him on such a vulgar difficulty as this, engrossed as he is by the delicate embarrassments of the aorist of the future—the inceptive future—and the completive future, together with 'all 'those gnomologic sentences, which may 'likewise be called aorists of the future.' He has, indeed, set himself enough to do, and it would be unreasonable to expect from him more than the completion of the task he has undertaken; viz. to settle * mathematically, by the help of f....XABCDEV....g, certain transcendental difficulties about the *present now*, or instant; to show when it belongs to the end of the past, when to the beginning of the future, and when it is 'that real and indivisible instant, which, by 'being itself *the very essence of the present*, 'diffuses presence throughout all, even the 'largest of times, which are found *to include* '*it within their respective limits.*'

* See Harris's Hermes, 4th edit. octavo; pages 116. 118.

Lowth, who has not quite so much upon his hands as Harris, is so good as to say a few words to our purpose; he tells us that *will*, in the first person singular and plural, promises and threatens; in the second and third person, only foretels: *shall*, on the contrary, in the first person, simply foretels; in the second and third person, promises, commands, or threatens. Johnson, who, modestly for him, acknowledges the difficulty of giving a definition of *shall*, which foreigners and provincials so frequently confound with *will*, endeavours, as he says, *crassa minerva*, to explain by example, that will should always be used to express volition; and that *shall*, according to it's Saxon derivative, means *owe*, or *ought*—(*ought*, like the French *devoir*—*Je dois.*)

So,—to return to my text, of which, in the true spirit of a commentator, I had lost sight—it is plain that before we can decide whether Mary speaks good English in saying 'I *will* thank you the longest day I 'live,' we must determine whether she means to promise, or threaten, or merely to foretell; we must further determine whether gratitude is, or is not dependant upon voli-

tion. The Irish *will* takes it for granted that it is; the English 'popular shall *' is perhaps the most philosophical, and the most consonant to experience. Gratitude is most frequently found to depend upon the circumstances in which people are placed subsequent to the receiving a favour, therefore cannot be supposed to be a pure act of volition, nor consequently a fit subject of promise – ergo– no one (but an Irish ignoramus) would say 'I *will* thank you the 'longest day I live.' But if the English *shall* be the most accurate and grammatical, the Hibernian *will* is the most affectionate and eloquent. Indeed, by a happy '*vernacular instinct*,' as Lowth calls it, the Irish generally find the most eloquent expressions of their feelings.

The lower class of people in Ireland, (strange as the assertion may sound,) when they do speak English, speak better English than the English themselves of the same rank, in Lancashire, Somersetshire, and Devonshire. Yet, the prejudice against Irish barbarism prevails so far, that fre-

* Shakspeare.

quently English servants, when they deign to visit Ireland, reprehend the natives for not speaking *bad* English. For instance, very lately an English housekeeper heard an Irish housemaid say, 'I am going to the 'fa'r:' 'I *am!*' repeated the housekeeper scornfully, 'What do you mean by I *am*? 'you should say *I bees going*, or I *are* going, 'child.'

P. 221. 'There's all the *differ* in the 'world.'

Differ—difference; *a difference*, and of course *a differ*, sometimes means a quarrel; quarrels often arising in Ireland, as elsewhere, from *differences* of opinion, taste, and interest. Shakspeare and Tillotson use *difference* for debate, controversy, quarrel. *Splitting the difference* is the manner in which disputes about property are usually reconciled at *reference*. This is explaining the unknown by the unknown. Then *put the case, the case were your own!*—still at a loss for my meaning?—then, in plain English, suppose that you had the misfortune of having a neighbour who had cheated you out of a thousand pounds, to which you thought your right as clear as day; but, to

avoid the further misfortune of losing another thousand pounds at law, in endeavouring to recover the first, you agree to refer the business to the judgment of any two honest neighbours, and declare you will abide by their decision. Then you have agreed to a reference; and this is *against* you afterwards, if you go to law. And what do you gain by your reference? the referees, without considering your rights or your wrongs, that they may not be said to be partial, and that they may not make ill will, and ill blood between gentlemen, and that they may do according to the custom of the country, determine to split the difference; half of a thousand pounds is in this case adjudged to be your due. Perhaps even this is better than going to law.

P. 223. '*The Cow-pock.*'

To '*Now Rose, I wonder at you, to give your own christian child the disorder of a beast.*'

This prejudice is well *put*, and afterwards well combatted. It is always best to meet the full force of a popular prejudice, and not to be afraid to place it in the strongest light, and the strongest language in which

the people themselves would put it; then there is nothing left to be whispered.

What has been said by Bacon of envy, may be applied to popular prejudice; it is like the basilisk, if you seize it first, you kill it; if it seize you first, it kills you.

P. 227. 7 ' *O Rose, Rose! I was bewitch-* ' *ed not to take your advice* (about the cow-pock). *O, my little darling! I can do no-* ' *thing for thinking of him; and I think I* ' *see his little curly head every hour in the* ' *day. O, Rose, Rose, what shall I do?*'

This pathetic speech, from the mother who has lost her child by her own negligence, may save the life of hundreds; for how many parents are there, who, incapable of listening to reason, may yet be struck by pathos.

P. 227. 7 ' *Ah poor Nancy, I won't bid* ' *you not fret, for you can't but fret.*'

Right, to avoid all vain and exasperating attempts to ' charm ache with air, and ' agony with words.'

Right, to endeavour to turn the mother's attention from the dead to the living child, whom her assistance might yet be in time to save.

P. 231. ' *And while we behave ourselves* ' *well, no one dares meddle with us, not the* ' *king himself, as great a man as he is.*'

This is the way to raise

' A bold yeomanry, a country's pride.'

All true friends to the British empire will wish to raise in Ireland that English spirit of independence, which maintains, that ' every man's house is his castle,' which scorns to open a gate, even for his Majesty, unless his Majesty (God bless him!) *axes civil.* The more every man is made to think and feel that his house is his castle, the more zealous he will be in the defence of his castle, the more attached to ' that ' dear hut, his home.' This just spirit of independence is far, very far different from a discontented, disaffected temper; far more safe to trust, as well as more pleasant to see, than the sneaking, cringing, ' As your ho- ' nour plases.'—' Sure whatever your ho- ' nour decrees me.'—' I'll leave it all to ' your honour.'—' It is not for the likes of ' us to be speaking to your honour's honour.' ' I'd let your honour walk over me, before ' I'd say a word, good or bad.'

P. 237. 74 'Why do you look *so won-*
'*derful?*'

So wonderful—so full of wonder—so much surprised.

P. 238. 75 '*Ill never deny it. I think it*
'*is no roguery to take a bit of victuals, or a*
'*few sods of turf.*

This laxity of principle, in cases where what is called common honesty is concerned, is found but too frequently in Nancy's class of life. The nice distinction she makes between stealing money, and taking commodities, is here well introduced, and is combatted in the best manner possible by Rose.

Opinion is often more powerful than law. To make such petty thefts discreditable, will prove a more effectual mode of prevention than any which the utmost care of superiors, or the utmost severity of prosecutions and of penal statutes could devise. There cannot be more generous spirits, more grateful dispositions to work upon, than those of the Irish, when they are kindly treated; and in cases where they think their honour concerned, even the lowest, and the poorest,

are scrupulous in honesty to an astonishing and admirable degree.

Rose. 'Oh! worst of all! will you make 'your children liars, to hide your being 'a——to hide your taking what is not your 'own?'

Nancy. 'I know what you were going 'to call me.'

Better than the longest sermon that ever was preached against stealing! better than the most severe and guarded act of parliament, (preamble inclusive) that ever attorney general framed, *for the better preventing* of petty larcenies! better, inasmuch as education can prevent in early life that disposition to defraud, of which the law can take cognizance, only when it is, alas, incurable! when it has proceeded to those overt acts, which are branded with irremediable shame, or punished by ignominious death.

P. 244. 76 *The fire.*

This is a striking, yet natural catastrophe, brought about by probable means; by means, alas, too likely to occur! The various contradictory reports about the damage done by the fire, about the loss of all Squire N[illegible]

Litt's fine horses, and the burning to death of one of his children, are all circumstances so well imagined, that they appear to be exactly drawn from fact.

P. 247. *'The Fever.'*

77 *'You know it is said that the first time 'one is bled it will cure the disorder, let it be 'what it will.'*

This is a curious medical prejudice, which, with the assistance of such persons as Dick Fahy the horse-doctor, and Madgy Doran the old woman apothecary, (characters which are to be found in every village) have doubtless carried off as many patients as ever fell victims to Dr. Sangrado, in all his zeal for phlebotomy.

'Madge Doran bid me give him warm ale 'with a little liquor in it, to rise his heart.'

And warm ale, no doubt, has done full as much business in it's day, as ever was done by warm water.

Rose. 'But why have you such a load 'of bed clothes upon him?'

How many rebel patients have perished under the mountains of clothes thrown upon them! as many as ever fell *harnessed to the triumphal car of antimony.*

Nancy. 'At first you could hardly turn 'round you, the room was so full.'

The whole scene in the sick room, the influx and reflux of the idle and gossiping neighbours, who crowd round the feverish man's bed, excluding the air and light, talking, and *striving* to make him talk, to keep up his spirits; then all seized with a panic the moment they hear the *name of a fever*, deserting the house, and leaving the wife to sit crying over him from morning till night; all this is strongly and faithfully drawn. It would be useful to collect and note down the popular medical superstitions that prevail in this country. There are many which may be traced to some cause, reasonable or unreasonable; but there are others which appear utterly unaccountable, and mock the systematic ingenuity of man. For instance, it is a popular opinion, that no one can die upon a bed in which there are the feathers of any wild fowl. In consequence of this belief, upon the slightest suspicion that there is a single feather of a wild duck in the bed of a person supposed to be near their last moments, the friends of the patient feel it to be their duty to dra

the bed from under the dying man, lest the agonies of death should be protracted.

P. 254. [78] *'The sick people's clothes had 'been thrust into the cupboard of the dresser, 'and had left the venom of the sickness in 'it.'*

This story of the two young men in the Queen's County, who bought the venomed dresser, and carried the fatal fever home to their families, is admirably well told, and well timed; and the effect, even on the indolent Nancy, is immediate.

Nancy. 'Honour! Honour! get a tub of water directly.'

P. 255. [79] *Nancy.* *'My blessing, and the 'blessing of my children, and Tim's blessing 'be upon you, Rose.'*

The benedictions of the lower Irish are strongly expressive of the warmth of their feelings; and they are varied even by the common beggars, with much propriety of eloquence, so as to suit the situations of the persons to be thanked, or to gratify their ruling passions, whether the love of power, of money, of friends, or of long life.

'Long may you live to reign over us!'—

'May you never want!'—'That you may 'never want (be without) a friend!'—'A 'long life to you, and a happy death!' &c.

P. 262. So 'Mr. Nesbitt's family were 'kind to me, and showed me great *favour* 'and *affection*; but they are turned *against* 'me.'

The notion that every thing is done by *favour and affection* prevails universally in Ireland. From the lease for 500 acres, to the smallest possible subdivision of land—a cow's grass, all setting of land is matter of favour and affection: from the bargain with the architect who *undertakes* the county jail, to the *task-work* of a ditch, every job, public or private, is supposed to be matter of favour and affection: every species of traffic, from the sale of an estate, to the selling of a pig; every act of justice, from the paying a labourer his wages, to the liberating, or confining a culprit in prison; all are erroneously supposed to be in some incomprehensible way dependant upon favour and affection. This notion is in reality only another modification of the belief in

luck; and the poor people waste half their time in endeavouring to propitiate the favour, or deprecate the ill will of their superiors, instead of relying upon straight-forward industry, and even-handed justice. Operose and incessant is the care they think necessary to contradict, and counteract those who 'belie them to your honour, be-'hind their backs.'

This apprehension of gnomes, who are continually working them ill, perpetually operates. These gnomes take the form of some of the *neighbours*, sometimes with an evil eye, always with an evil tongue; and whatever misfortune happens, is attributed to their malign influence. If, as in the case of charring Nancy, and her cheating daughter, there should be a clear detection of some fraud, or theft, the culprits never blame themselves, or admit their fault to be a sufficient reason for your withdrawing your favour; but they still suppose this is only the ostensible cause of their disgrace; they fancy that the real, though secret cause was, that somebody who had a spite

of twenty years standing to them, *turned you against them.*

'Plase your honour I know it was not 'the tree that I cut, that turned your ho-'nour *again* me; though I beg your honour's 'pardon for that same, which I did, not 'knowing it was on your honour's land at 'all, for I thought it was on the mearing 'betwixt you and Counsellor Flannigan, 'that voted against your honour, else I 'would never have touched it, had I known 'it was *your* honour's; and this is what 'them that informed again me to your ho-'nour, knew as well as myself, and better. 'But, plase your honour, it was not the 'cutting that *donny* stick of a tree that set 'your honour again me, I am sure and sin-'sible; for it was what your honour was '*tould* concerning what I said about voting 'for your honour's friend, by one in the 'parish of Killospugbrone, that had a spite '*again* me since last Holantide was two 'year, on account of a foal of mine that he 'went and swore kicked his cousin's mare, 'coming from the fair of Tubberscanavan; 'which, plase your honour, he did not kick,

'no more than myself standing here presint,
'plase your honour, did; but he, on account
'of that kick she got——

'She! who?'

'The mare, plase your honour—he had
'a grudge *again* me'——

'He! who?'

'The man from the parish of Killospug-
'brone I was telling your honour of, that
'owned the mare that was kicked by the
'foal, plase your honour, coming from the
'fair of Tubberscanavan—and which was
'the whole reason, entirely, of his inform-
'ing *again* me about that switch of a tree;
'and it was just that made him strive so to
'belie me behind my back, to turn your
'honour, that was my only dependance,
'*again* me. Bad luck to him! and all be-
'longing to him, for rogues, and thieves,
'and slanderers as they are, (saving your
'honour's favour) and ever was, and will
'be; and all their breed, seed, and gene-
'ration. And that's no slander, any how!'

P. 168. [81] '*Poor Nancy is gone out of*
'*this world!*'

Nancy's degradation and death are well

described, and such as might reasonably be expected from the incorrigible carelessness, and reckless indolence of her life.

And now may the commentator on these 'Cottage Dialogues' be allowed to say, that in reading this little book again, carefully, for the purpose of writing these notes, it has risen higher in her estimation, the more she has examined it. It embraces a wide extent of duties, and for every stage of life, from the cradle to the grave, imparts useful knowledge, and inculcates excellent principles, in language happily suited to the people for whose benefit it is designed. Instead of laying down the pen with the feeling of a weary commentator, who rejoices to have finished a dull task, the editor feels that the writing these notes has become more and more agreeable as she proceeded, because she has found more and more to approve; and she hopes that the goodnatured reader will pardon her if she have now and then moderately indulged in the most agreeable privilege of an editor—the privilege of praising his author. The editor has not been bribed or influenced by

any motive of private partiality, as she has no connexion whatever with Mrs. Lead-beater—never saw her; but has been interested for her by the merit of her book, and by the excellence of her conduct.

THE END.

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